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SOME LIVING MASTERS OF THE PULPIT

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, LITT.D., D.D.

SOME LIVING MASTERS OF THE PULPIT

Studies in Religious Personality

BY

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SOME LIVING MASTERS OF THE PULPIT. I

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TO

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON

LEADER AND COMRADE
IN THE SERVICE OF A GREATER CHRISTIANITY

WITH ADMIRATION, GRATITUDE AND
PERSONAL AFFECTION

9159

INVOCATION

With curious regularity every age has bewailed the passing of the pulpit; but the great office abides—persistent, permanent, precious —surviving new theories of knowledge and old conditions of life, helped, not hurt, by the skyline being set back. When Mahaffy wrote "The Decay of Modern Preaching" in 1882, Parker, Liddon, Spurgeon, Maclaren, Beecher, Brooks, Broadus and Simpson were in the full splendour of their powers! It must be that men do not see what is passing before their eyes, because they are so busy weaving a robe of romance for the past. The chorus of complaint has been unusually loud in our time, as witness these words which suggested the following sketches:

"If the great sermons which contain the philosophy of Bishop Butler were preached today, would they fill the smallest church in London? For the present, at least, the noble art of the pulpit must be considered as lost.

There exists for it neither favorable conditions, nor the indispensable audience, nor apparently even the artists themselves. It awaits, like so many other of the arts—like great painting, like great poetry—the return of the mind of Europe to an assured and all-pervading religious faith."

Thus even the London *Times* joins in the litany of lament that the pulpit of today is in eclipse, forgetting that if preaching depended on a willing response to prophetic voices it would have ceased long since. Of course the sermons of Bishop Butler would not fill even a small London church today—the times have changed, the taste is different—and one recalls how in his own day the Bishop sat in his castle brooding over the decay of religion, while the miners, touched by the wondrous evangelism of Wesley, were singing hymns of praise almost under his window. Surely we have not yet realised the full import of those words of Jesus which echo like a refrain through the Gospels, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Hence a series of studies of some living masters of the pulpit—impressionistic and im-

perfect enough, and selecting only a few out of many shining examples—intended to show that the divine art of preaching is not lost, and in the hope that elect young men may be won to its high service. Indeed, my task has been made difficult not by the barrenness of the modern pulpit, but by the richness, variety and comprehensiveness of its Christian witness in a tangled time. Grateful to God for many others of equal genius and charm, if I have written of preachers of whom I have vivid and moving memories, it is because such experiences enable one to write with more insight and understanding—and, perhaps, to reproduce somewhat of the atmosphere and impress of personality.

Anybody can find fault, but some of us have learned to give thanks for what men can do, rejoicing in their gifts without dwelling on their limitations. Goethe has a golden sentence in which he tells how, as he grew older, the beautiful feeling entered his mind that only mankind together is the true man, and that the individual can only be happy when he has the courage to feel himself in the whole. It is so in our Christian ministry, if we have the

grace to know our brethren, and especially those who can do what we cannot do, making their work our own by appreciation. No two men could be more unlike than Dean Inge and Bishop Quayle—no two farther apart in point of view than Dr. Truett and Dr. Crothers—but all of them are our brethren, and together they make a goodly, gracious company in whose many keys and cadences the Everlasting Gospel is made eloquent.

Such a study suggests many reflections, one of which is that if we are to have Christian Unity it must be by virtue of the insight which divines one Spirit, one purpose, one passion underlying differing gifts and points of view. Here are trinitarians, unitarians, radicals, conservatives, liberals, evangelicals—scholars, orators, pastors, teachers, evangelists, a noble layman and a great woman—yet the tie that binds them into a radiant fellowship is a devout life devoted to the service of a common Master whose they are, and whose Gospel they preach each with his own accent and emphasis. At last, or soon or late, the truth as it is in Jesus, rescued from the sectarianism which has obscured it, will rise and shine by its own splendour

—profounder than all philosophies, yet as simple as the prayer of a child—revealing its reality as a Life not a system, a Person not a dogma, and finding its fulfilment in a Beloved Community.

Some one ought to follow these sketches with a series of studies of the New Preaching now developing, at once so direct in method and so full of promise, and which seeks to interpret the Gospel in its relation to the new issues, new outlooks, and new enterprises which preoccupy the thought of men in our time. Since the Great War a new note has been heard in our Christian message, a new emphasis and implication—differing from the old as Salvation differs from Salvage—and there is a gallant company of young men in all communions to whom it is the Word of God for our age. It is for us to preach "the Gospel of the Kingdom" with veracity of mind and humility of heart, speaking the truth in the spirit of Jesus, remembering the exhortation of St. Vincent:

"O priest, O expositor, O doctor, if the Divine gift hath made thee fit by genius, training and learning, be thou Bazaleel of the

spiritual tabernacle; engrave the precious gems of Divine doctrine; faithfully fit them together; adorn them wisely; add splendor, grace, loveliness. Let that which was formerly believed darkly, be understood clearly by thy exposition. Let posterity by thy aid rejoice in truths understood, which antiquity venerated without understanding them. Yet teach still the same things which thou didst learn, so that although thou speakest in a new fashion, thou speakest not new things."

J. F. N.

Church of the Divine Paternity.
New York City.

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SOME LIVING MASTERS OF THE PULPIT

SOME LIVING MASTERS OF THE PULPIT

I: George A. Gordon

As one of a host of students who used to throng the galleries of the Old South Church—just as they do today—I confess that it is not easy for me to write about Dr. Gordon calmly. Under God I owe more to that gracious and wise preacher than to any living man, and but for his influence upon me—alike by the nobility of his character, the integrity of his intellect, and the richness of his insight—at a time when nothing was certain but uncertainty, I should not be in the pulpit today. God be thanked for the leadership of authentic teachers of faith in the critical, formative years of youth—next to good mothers they are the best gifts of God! It was a joy, as well as an honour, to stand in the pulpit of Old South Church and bear such testimony, both for myself and for a vast com-

pany of young men whom his ministry has blessed, on the evening before I set sail to take up my labours at the City Temple.

Others have written of Dr. Gordon as a theologian, ranking him in the dynasty of Edwards and Bushnell, as the third truly great constructive theologian that America has known.[1] With this estimate I am in full agreement, and with the further verdict that in the scope and quality of his labour as a Christian thinker, no less than in the originality and fruitfulness of his total accomplishment—bringing to the service of faith not only exact thinking and ample learning, but a high and tender humanity, an ennobling imagination, and the transfiguring insight of a poet—he out-tops his peers and stands alone. The House of Doctrine, needed for the comfort and habitation of the intellect, and as a shelter for the holy things of faith, is a temple ever "building and built upon." As between the easy-going agnosticism,

[1] *Progressive Religious Thought in America*, by J. W. Buckham, of the Pacific School of Religion, contains a chapter entitled, "George A. Gordon: The New Theology Universalized,"—though by New Theology he does not mean the movement associated with the City Temple. For an early conservative critique, see "Dr. G. A. Gordon's Reconstruction of Christian Theology," by Dr. A. H. Plumb, *Bibliotheca Sacra*, April, 1896. The article makes rather interesting reading today.

so widespread in the modern world—often only a labour-saving device to escape the toil of high thinking—and the artificial "block universe" of the old dogmatic theology, Dr. Gordon has been a wise master-builder in an era of theological break-up, building once more a House of Faith in the midst of the years.

It has been the fashion of late years to make light of theology—forgetting that it is not theology that is wrong, but wrong theology that needs to be reinterpreted—and to all such glib and superficial judgments the ministry of Dr. Gordon has been a standing rebuke. Like Plato, "the father of theology," he holds that "an unexamined life is unlivable," and that religion must be not simply a life of the spirit—much less a series of chance thoughts and vagrant insights—but an order of ideas, controlling the issues of the heart through the authority of its teaching over the mind. Else it will be an empty emotion or a mere superstition. Hence his task and his toil, pursued with single-hearted devotion, making his labour a fulfilment of his own description of the older New England divines, "the teacher of the people, the former of their minds in

Christian belief, the thinker who covered their existence with the power of a consistent thought of the universe." At once critical and creative, his study of the old New England theology is a piece of analytic and synthetic criticism which it would be difficult to match in the entire literature of theology, showing how life acts upon abstractions as fresh air acts upon mummies—how they crumble to *dust* and blow away. But in its place he has helped to erect upon surer foundations a more spacious Home of the Soul, and we behold "the sweet heavens built in unity and dominion and power, and under them the obedient, awestruck, and yet hopeful world of men." Nor must we forget that Dr. Gordon, like the apostolic succession of great thinkers in which he stands, has toiled not as a technical theologian, but as a preacher in the active service of the church, living not in the half lights of a few arid and well-domesticated abstractions, but in the vision of truth as it stands in the service of our piteous, passionate, and pathetic human life.

No one questions that Dr. Gordon is a great preacher, but we learn very little from that fact, because great preachers are of many

kinds; chiefly of two kinds, as he himself once pointed out in an exquisite tribute to Dr. Munger. There is the type represented in America by Beecher and Brooks, and in England by Parker and Spurgeon—"the fiery orator, the master of assemblies, the cyclonic commander of the assent and homage of the multitude." Such a preacher is properly placed in a great centre of population, where he may make his audience by a process of gradual selection from among the mass of those to whom his individual quality appears; but it is delusion fatal to the ministry to imagine that there is no other type of great preacher. There is the type represented by Bushnell and Munger, by Martineau and Tipple—who preached such sermons as Emerson might have preached had he remained in the pulpit, and whom Ruskin called "the greatest master of pulpit prose." This preacher is no striking orator. He can never be popular except with a few select minds. He prevails mightily, but it is by the depth and vitality of his ideas, by the intensity and clarity of his vision of God, and by the form and beauty which he presses into the service of his vocation. He is the

scholar, the thinker, the seer, and his power lies wholly in his message and in his high concern to utter it. He influences men deeply, especially young men who are caught up into the radiance of his vision, and he remains a fertilising power long after he passes away. No one will deny that Bushnell is more than a peer of Beecher or Parker; at least our admiration for the orator must not blind us to the right of Munger and Martineau to an equal honour in the ministry.

More nearly than any man in our generation —more nearly than any preacher I can recall— Dr. Gordon has united these two types of preaching; the thinker and the orator, the scholar and the artist; the prophet and the man of letters; the theologian whose sermons are lyrics and whose theology is an epic. If he is not widely known as an orator, it is because his devotion to his high task has kept him too much from the great assemblies of the church; and he has not been at the beck and call of patriotic, social, and academic fraternities, with the result that there is no body of secular oratory by him, as there was in the case of Beecher. But at his best, in his great hours of

vision and conquest—especially when he drops manuscript and lets himself go—Dr. Gordon is an orator of incomparable power, of unique and compelling charm, who can make smiles and tears alternate as swiftly as Beecher did; "whose touch is light enough for the after-dinner speech, with its potpourri of wit and story, yet commanding and weighty enough on occasion to shape the policies of church and state." Those who have not heard him when he is deeply stirred, and dealing with a great theme before an expectant throng, do not know him at his highest and best. The sweep and grasp and grandeur of his thought, aglow with virility, sympathy, and abounding hope, and shot through with the colour, fire and beauty of a poet, is a thing of splendour. Master of a picturesque, variegated and brilliant homiletic, his eloquence blooms into literature, and if poetry is of his essence, "the prophet-warrior in him exorcises the table-serving priest."

Surely no one can ever forget a service in Old South Church, where all classes of people mingle in an air of democratic fellowship. There the Back Bay matron worships with the simply-dressed school teacher, and the railroad

president and the brakeman on his line are equally at home. Boston is a hive of student life, proof of which is seen in the rows of eager, intelligent faces in the galleries. The preacher arrests attention by his stalwart frame, his massive head, his shaggy brows, his piercing eyes, and by the simple dignity of his manner. Tall, broad-shouldered, finely formed, one can well believe that he did good work in the iron-foundry when he came, "a lad of pairts," from Aberdeenshire to make his future in America. The face and figure are worthy of the brush of a great painter of men. Rugged yet gentle, it is a face that one can study for a long time, reading in it the story of his struggle upward, his fearless facing of the issues of thought, and his fight for a larger faith; and there are lines where smiles fall asleep when they are weary. For all his learning, he is a man of the people, and as he prays one feels that he not only knows people, but loves them. The prayer is neither hortatory nor declamatory, but brooding, tender and far-ranging in its sympathy, mindful alike of the joys and sorrows of home and of the burdens of the man of state. He talks with a God

whose love is equal to his power, and there are phrases that haunt the heart for years, as when he seeks "the consolation of moral self-respect," or death is described as "the last, ineffable, homeward sigh of the soul."

When the sermon begins the mood of the preacher alters—disciplined thought takes the place of worshipful passivity, and the truth of the day is seen against a long background of philosophy and a far horizon of faith. His gestures are vigorous rather than graceful, as befits the forthright sinewiness of his thought, and if certain mannerisms are disconcerting at first, they are atoned for by a Scotch burr which still clings to his accent. The symmetry of the sermon is a feat of homiletic genius, and as its great power gathers and grows one feels that the secret of the preacher is that he has what Wordsworth called "the first great gift, the vital soul." Positive without being dogmatic, he has no "art of subtle phrases that touch the edge of assertion and yet stops short of it." What loftiness and range of thought, expounding the sublimity and tenderness of Christian faith; what gorgeous colouring of imagination, rich and vivid in its tints; what

analyses of character, done with the stroke of the etcher; what wealth of allusion to literature, science, philosophy, the poets with whom he lives and the eager, troubled, aspiring life of man. Here is a man whose interest ranges from Aristotle to the records of champion athletes, equally at home in St. Augustine and *Alice in Wonderland,* to whom nothing human is alien or without meaning. There are scenes from nature in many moods, gusts of elemental feeling, and epithets Carlylean in their withering blast. Sunlight alternates with shadow, and the swift, terse summing up of an individual character or an historical epoch—surpassing Fairbairn in vividness—is followed by lines from Robert Burns so apt that they seem to have been written for the day. But he knows just how far he can lead us at the moment—how much strain feeling and attention can stand without fatigue—and before we are aware of it some flash of bright humour, never far away, has relieved the tension, before he takes us with him to the triumphant conclusion. Often we have a glimpse of his early days and then one hears a note of sweet-toned, melting pathos, as of one who knows the beauty and

sorrow of life and the sadness of its long farewells:

I remember well the last walk that I took in my native land before I sailed for the Western world more than forty years ago. It was on one of the longest and brightest days in June. I had said good-bye to dear friends and my solitary path for ten miles lay through peaceful and fruitful farms and over the ridge of a mountain whose shapely summit had looked down upon the coming and going of immemorial generations of men. Then followed a long stretch of moor, barren, dismal, whose heather would in three months bloom again and fade like the hopes in the hearts of poor human beings. As I struck the moor, the sun was setting. The lonely path lay in the great transfiguring radiance. It became a path of beauty and infinite tender suggestion; a heavenly meaning seemed to beat in the boundless glow; a sense of companionship, not understood then, settled in the heart, delight took the place of loneliness, and the journey that thus lay in the path of the setting sun I could not wish to end.

More than forty years have come and gone since then. Farewells have been spoken to many friends for the last time on earth. The journey has been through much of the beauty of the world, and still the way has been over hill and moor, crag and torrent. The pilgrimage has often seemed a type of the lonely

and sorrowful migration of men from the shadows of morning to the gloom of the evening. The happiest experiences have not deafened me to the still sad music of humanity; the evanescence of all things earthly has been a constant refrain in my spirit. Despair and utter heart-break would long ago have undone my days if nothing heavenly had been found to glorify and comfort and protect the precious burden of human love.

"The light that never was on sea or land" enfolds the way of every pilgrim. He is travelling in the glow that falls upon time from the Eternal; his path is in the transfiguring presence of the Infinite Love. . . .

> Who would stop, or fear to advance,
> Though home or shelter he had none,
> With such a sky to lead him on? [2]

The first volume of sermons by Dr. Gordon—as distinguished from his essays and lectures—was published in 1906, and its appearance was both a religious and a literary event. It is entitled *Through Man to God,* and deals not with the passing moods and modes of thought, but with the fundamental issues of faith. What is final? What is sovereign? Who is God? How shall we appear before God? Is the

[2] *Revelation and the Ideal.*

character of the Eternal accessible to Man? And if so, how? Along what path shall we approach that character? No serious-minded man can read these discourses without being enlarged and enriched by them, and to have listened to them must have been one of the great inspirations of a life-time. In stateliness of thought, in scope and clarity of insight, in nobility of sentiment, in strength and beauty of diction, they match the greatest sermons in Christian history. The technique of the preacher is forgotten in the majesty of his thought, all is so spontaneous, so natural, so free. The short sentence prevails, but the poetic imagery of the style is in the fibre, not in the dress of the thought. It is a vision of God through humanity at its highest, and if it is humanity that interprets God, only God can adequately interpret humanity. The universe is seen in its vastness as unveiled by science, but despite its seeming moral contradictions, it is the native country of the human spirit, for God is in it and love is its final law. The preacher lives with great men, great epochs, great events; the old philosophers are his fellows, the prophets and the classic poets, and

one learns that it is the great truths that are the home-speaking truths. What is the great meaning of it all? is the ever-recurring thought refrain of a volume the cumulative impression of which is simply overwhelming. The last sermon, "God All in All," is a theodicy exalting, subduing, satisfying—a sermon more majestic, more fundamentally true and beautiful it is difficult to imagine.[3]

With the theology of Dr. Gordon I have not to do, except to say this his chief service has

[3] Other volumes appeared later, notably *Revelation and the Ideal* in 1913; the fruit of ten years of study and reflection with the intent of writing a book on the philosophy of Revelation. Alas, the book had to be abandoned, and instead of a treatise we have a series of visions, the central insight of which is that "Moral Idealism and Revelation are but the concave and the convex of the same figure,"—the Ideal being the East where, in each new age, the Eternal light breaks in upon our human world. The book asks two of the profoundest questions in the entire sphere of religious interest: Does the Eternal God speak to man? If so, how? What the unwritten treatise might have been we can only imagine; but this scroll of vision is one of the golden books to those who believe that "the ideal is the shadow of God in the mind of man;" its depth of insight only equalled by the richness and variety of its exposition.

Still another volume appeared in 1916, entitled *Aspects of the Infinite Mystery*—a rather forbidding title for the most intimate and revealing of his books—perhaps as much of a spiritual biography of the preacher as we are ever likely to get. It was first a series of mid-week talks, then a series of sermons at the request of the Church, which by resolution asked that they be published. Here is the ripe, mellow thought of a man who has reached the time of life when he has "something on hand infinitely more serious than the attempt to get votes from either the liberal or conservative camp." He writes with his eyes on reality, and as life draws toward

been the transformation of our thought of God from the partialism of a sovereign to the universal saving grace of a Father; and he is one of the few men who has had the courage to follow that vision through to its inevitable conclusion. My purpose here is not with his theology, but with the art and genius with which he has preached a faith not won without struggle—as we learn from a bit of revealing autobiography in the second of his lectures on the *Ultimate Conceptions of Faith.* It is thought by some that Dr. Gordon preaches philosophy more than theology, and theology more than religion, but that is to err; though his published works might leave such an impression. But in the ordinary course of his

evening he finds that "something has been found that is imperishable," a sobered, purified, residual faith, the issue of the discipline of time upon a free mind; a faith which many waters cannot quench.

In the Book of Memory he finds a symbol of his thought, in the three ways of crossing a stream in his boyhood home in Scotland. The bridge, the ferry, and the stepping-stones now represent to him dogmatic belief, ecclesiasticism, and insight. Any one can cross the river of the mystery of life on the bridge of a creed. All who are satisfied with a boat can find an ideal method in sitting still and not upsetting the Catholic tradition; but those who put their souls to a test must pick their way over with the spirit of adventure. In this familiar, homely fashion he deals with the vital issues of faith and life, with now a flash of humour, now a touch of pathos, and always a sense of wonder and mystery not inconsistent with a confident and happy outlook.

ministry it is not so. Life is above philosophy, and he touches its practical problems with the same insight and power with which he expounds the faith by which it is lighted and led, preaching righteousness so full of ideal splendour as to overawe and win the heart, and so instinct with love as to stir the sluggish will. On public questions he can withhold his thunder-bolts, but if he speaks the spade is called a spade, as Plutarch said of one of his characters. He follows no fads, and is duped by no delusions, nor does he have any patience with clap-trap:

> The cry for a revival of religion is natural; but the religion to be revived is not the right kind. . . . For this end professional revivalism with its organisations, its staff of reporters who make the figures suit the hopes of good men, the system of advertisements, the exclusion or suppression of all sound critical comment, the appeals to emotion and the use of means that have no visible connection with grace, is utterly inadequate. The world awaits the vision, the passion, the simplicity, and the stern truthfulness of the Hebrew prophet; it awaits the imperial breadth and moral energy of the Christian Apostle of the nations. . . . I have spoken of the few elect souls, men and

women, in our churches who are worthy to stand among the best of the Christian ages. What about the mass of church people? Are they not as fond of the polluted book, the play with its appeal to sensual passion, as their pagan neighbors? . . . Do they not know every avenue of exclusiveness and pride, every black art of gossip, every twist and turn of the ropes of inhumanity, and do they not attend church and look for the coming of the kingdom of God? What kind of a revival will meet this case? Hysteria will not do, nor the devoutness of Lent, nor a turn at psychic healing, whether as patient or patron. What is demanded here is the axe laid at the root of the tree; the new heaven and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness; the renunciation of the devil and all his works, and the profound and sincere appeal to the Eternal God.[4]

There speaks a man who is as prodigal in his brotherliness as he is pungent in his rebuke of sin, sham, and unreality; a man to know whom is a religion. If there is such a thing as Christian envy, not evil but honourable—a kind of joyous jealousy in the presence of great work greatly done—the ministry of Dr. Gordon, alike by its completeness, its consistent devotion to an "august opportunity," and its fruitfulness

[4] *Religion and Miracle.*

in practical service, would excite such an emotion. One cannot overestimate the worth, both in achievement and example, of his years of high, incessant work, full of the peace of great thoughts and the chastening force of pure motives, undisturbed by vulgar popularity. Lovable as a friend, wise as an adviser, inspiring as a teacher, beloved as a shepherd of souls, the nearer one comes to him the more just and stainless he seems to be. No great preacher has ever been more responsive to the gallant and chivalrous love of his younger brethren, all of whom will join me in applying to him these words of his own, written of one whom he loved and admired:

Above all else for this high grace, we, his brethren in the ministry, revere and love him. Under his influence we feel upon our hearts the peace of God, and we do not grudge him his great gifts, his distinguished success or his place in the reverent esteem of thousands. He has blessed us with the sense of the grace that comes only from our Lord Jesus Christ, the love that issues from God the Father, and the friendship that stands in the communion of the Holy Spirit. Long may his witness continue. Long may he live in his hospitable home, among

his books and his friends, with his fruitful pen busy in the service of the kingdom of heaven. In his day may there be no failing light, and when the inevitable evening comes may its soft farewell fires be lost in the glorious peace of the eternal morning.

II: John A. Hutton

In a series of sketches of living preachers by Hugh Sinclair, in 1912, Dr. Hutton was included, but he did not come off very well. As minister of the wealthy Belhaven Church, Glasgow, he was described as "a well-placed man," meaning that he fitted a well-groomed congregation of aristocratic people whom other people like to know. Nor was it difficult, the author said, to imagine the type of minister who goes with such a church. He must be a man of ability, of course, and he must possess the modern equivalent of "soundness in the faith," with a distinct talent for finding a foothold in Scripture for the uneasy mind of the age. Public-spirited, within well-defined limits, he must be, with the maximum of social tact and the knack of genial acquaintanceship; "and one can imagine a gift for opportune silence superlatively useful." Balance, sanity, a realistic mental habit, a turn for middle ways, and a

diplomatic personality, were named as the characteristics of the minister of Belhaven:

He is shrewd, terse and stimulating, flings out the kind of a challenge that is provocative without being provoking, makes his hearers feel that he respects their views even when he is demolishing them, states his points seriously but without over-stringency. He has a sure eye for the practically effective, is master of the art of putting things, gives us the kind of truth we can understand; has a gift of reconnoitre and grip which commands the respect of the hard-headed business man. "Clever" is undoubtedly a word that fairly applies to him—the question remains, in what sense? Does it sum him up, or is it merely the pinch of salt in his dish of wisdom? Is it of the disconcerting order that breeds instinctive suspicion, or does it add practical confidence to moral trust? Is is merely a flair of the things that "go down" with people, or an instinct for the shortest way to lift people up? It does not take long to make up one's mind on that score.

It is, indeed, the touch of sympathy that dominates all his preaching—the sympathy of the man who may not himself be deeply acquainted with grief and anguish, but whose fine intuition outruns his experience as John outran Peter long ago. To the problems which arise from the griefs of man and the silence of God he brings a quiet but profound under-

standing and a healing touch. His treatment covers all the mysterious, wistful places where the wind of the Spirit stirs the reed that is man, and nearly every ford where the soul's weakness wrestles with the eternal strength, except perhaps the ford that is called Jabbok. The light of a penetrative but reverent comprehension plays over all he says. Undramatic in form, he has much of the dramatist's art, much of his sensitiveness to human fate, of his swift understanding of human sin and sorrow. And with this there goes a very instant and vital sense of the presence of God in human life.[1]

As an estimate of Dr. Hutton—except the last part of it—such a passage is not only superficial and inadequate, but actually unjust. At any rate, it was very unlike the image of him which I had formed from reading his books, all of which I had followed with joy and gratitude. Certainly the unhappy and misused word "clever" is the last word I should have thought of applying to him. As far back as 1904 I read his *Guidance from Robert Browning in Matters of Faith;* and to this day I do not know a better exposition of the message of that glorious singer of the triumph of faith. Later, in 1906, I read his *Pilgrims in*

[1] *Voices of Today,* by Hugh Sinclair.

the Region of Faith, discussing Amiel, Tolstoy, Pater, and Newman; a study in temperament, showing how difficult faith is for introspective, self-analysing minds in an unsettled, all-questioning age. It revealed an incomparable interpreter of spiritual experience as disclosed in great literature, a field in which much of his best service has been rendered. Nothing better has been written about Walter Pater, and no one has come nearer capturing the secret of Newman, whose elusive, if not inscrutable, personality is as baffling as it is fascinating. Those essays prepared me for his brilliant studies of Nietzsche, Chesterton, Ibsen, and Shaw, in *Ancestral Voices.* As for his sermons, I know them from end to end, from *The Fear of Things* to the latest volume, and regard them as among the most suggestive sermons of our time, richly rewarding alike for their spiritual insight and for their artistic stroke.

But I had never met Dr. Hutton, or heard him preach, until he came down to London for the Thursday noonday service on the day of my Recognition as minister of the City Temple —an event delayed for more than a year by

the exigencies of the war. It was a memorable occasion, made so by the genius of the preacher —who, curiously enough, has a greater fame in America and a larger hearing in England than in his own Scotland—and his sermon was one of the dozen supremely great sermons I have heard in my life. The theme, the passion of the preacher, the posture of the times—when the idealism of the war was beginning to cool—and, above all, perhaps the meaning of the day for me personally, made it unforgettable while memory holds her throne. Sitting beside him in the great white pulpit, I felt the very heart-beat of the vast congregation as the sermon went home to each hearer, now with terrible intensity, now with melting pathos, now with an intimacy indescribable, as if the preacher had moved to and fro whispering into each ear—so truly did our own souls speak to us in the voice from the pulpit. As I watched the audience and listened, it seemed to me that preaching, at its highest, is the greatest art known among men, more vivid than architecture, more intimate than music, more persuasive than poetry. My Diary gives a very dim picture of that scene, but it offers a differ-

ent estimate of Dr. Hutton from that of his appraiser in 1912. Having lost one son in the war, and another wounded in a terrifying manner, it could no longer be said that the preacher knew grief and anguish only by imaginative intuition:

Jan. 18th, 1918:—What a sermon Dr. Hutton preached in the City Temple yesterday, both for its eloquence and its appropriateness. He dealt with "The Temptation," that is the one temptation which sums up all others, including that of the minister, to which he alluded with illuminative understanding. What is the Great Temptation, faced by Jesus in the wilderness and escaped by none of the sons of men? It is the cynical spirit, by which we are sorely tried in these days, and will be more terribly tried later, because it haunts all high moods. Subtly, artfully, it seeks to lower, somehow, the lights of the soul, to slay ideals, to betray and deliver us to base-mindedness. Satan, said the preacher, is the base-minded spirit; he is the denier, as God is the Affirmer, within all souls. Such preaching! He searches like a surgeon and heals like a physician. Seldom, if ever, have I had a man walk right into my heart with a lighted candle in his hand, as he did, and look into the dark corners. For years I had known Dr. Hutton as a master of the inner life, whether dealing with the Bible

At Close Quarters, or with the friends and aiders of faith, like Browning; and there are passages in *The Winds of God* that haunt me like great music. And no book in this dark time of war—in which, alas, the author has suffered his share of bitter loss—has gripped me more firmly, more surely, than his *Loyalty, the Approach to Faith.* There one hears not the great guns behind dim horizons, but their echo in the lonely places of the soul. As a guide to those who are walking in the middle years of life, where bafflements of faith are many and moral pitfalls are deep, there is no one like Hutton; no one to stand alongside him. Rich as his books are, his preaching is much more wonderful than his writings. His style is indeed a marvel, but one does not think of it while he is preaching. While his sermon has the finish of a literary essay, it is delivered with the enthusiasm of an evangelist. The whole man goes into it, uniting humour, pathos, poetry and hard reason, literature, life, unction, with a certain wildness of abandon, as of one possessed, which is the note of truly great preaching. In my humble judgment he is the greatest preacher in Britain.

The sermon was published—alas, only in part, whole sections of it having been impromptu—in a volume entitled *Our Only Safeguard;* but like most printed sermons, it

lacks the inspiration of the occasion and the transfiguration of personality. The sermon was read, as is the usual—though not invariable—habit of the preacher; but for the last twenty minutes he forgot his manuscript entirely, and plunged into the dark forest of Russian literature—which he has studied more profoundly than any man in the modern pulpit—to the heart-shaking scene in the fifth chapter of the fifth book of *The Brothers Karamazov,* by Dostoevsky, where the spirit of anti-Christ, incarnated in the Grand Inquisitor, is face to face with Christ. The faces of the audience seemed ashy grey as they saw the Christ-spirit grapple with ultimate Evil wearing the robes of the church. It made the very soul shiver. The sentences of the preacher flashed like lightning. He crouched behind the pulpit, his face livid with all the sinister suggestions of the scene, as the cool, cunning Spirit of Evil defied Christ in his own name! As a commentary on the temptation of Jesus, which he had taken for his text, it was overwhelming. Then his whole being lighted up as he saw, and made all who heard him see, the incredible might of the Spirit of Love which,

on the cross, revealed a power equal to the darkest tragedy and the most desperate temptation of human life. After the service, to an eager group in the vestry, he discoursed of Russia and its spiritual history and message. His knowledge of all things Russian was amazing, and his talk about it was one of the wonders of conversational genius.

Often it has been said that Dr. Hutton—like F. W. Robertson—is a preacher to preachers; and that is true indeed, but in many other senses than the saying usually implies. To go through any of his many volumes, with their instinct for the right subject and their fertile actuality of treatment—their wealth of spiritual insight, intellectual surprise, and literary grace—is at once to understand why so many preachers are keen students of him. He suggests to them the kind of theme they find it worthwhile to talk about, and, without abrogating the necessity of their own thought, he sets their minds travelling on all kinds of stimulating roads. Everywhere he goes he opens doors, and there is hardly a page on which he does not set a lighted candle down beside some dark text, or some dark experience, and leave

it burning. But he does more. It was a saying of Joseph Parker that any man who preaches to broken hearts preaches to the times; and in the widest and profoundest sweep of that spirit Dr. Hutton preaches to the times in whith we live. Not only does he bring to our troubled age the grace of insight and the comfort of great ideas, but he reads the signs of the age as few men are able to do. For skilled, penetrating diagnosis of present-day symptoms—as in his volume, *Discerning the Times*—he is one of our first men; and there is no flimsy sentimentalism or superficiality about his prescriptions, which is another way of saying that he sets "the times" in the perspective of Time, linking passing moods and events with abiding realities.

Few people realise how much the man in the pulpit preaches to himself, and what a struggle goes on in his heart in respect of the faith that makes us men. With some it is a moral struggle, with some temperamental obscurations, with some intellectual difficulties; and not a few men of saintly character have remained uncertain to the end. They walked by faith, not by knowledge. "Rabbi" Duncan, of

Edinburgh, called himself to the last an intellectual sceptic. Life had for him on one side a precipice, down to the abysses, but on the other side his feet were on the rock; and that rock was experience. It is still a matter of debate whether Newman was not in intellect a sceptic, as in heart he was a mystic. Even a casual student of Joseph Parker must feel in him the stress of a struggle never adjourned—"an atheism within a theism," as he called it—and if he did not become a saint, he had it in him to be a thorough-going sceptic, as well as a great sinner. So it is with Dr. Hutton, in whom one finds so little of that over-belief which to men who live in the thick of things often sounds like cant, or else like a fourth dimension.[2] Such struggles make him a helper of others who are not strong swimmers, and if he has great compassion it is because he knows

[2] This does not mean that Dr. Hutton is in his heart a sceptic,—far from it!—but simply that he knows the nature of faith, and prefers its risk and peril and moral urgency to the paralysis of dead certainty; as the Pope, in *The Ring and the Book*, prayed to be delivered from "the torpor of assurance." His position is well set forth in "Further Thoughts from my Note-book on Newman," which appears as an addendum to his *Pilgrims of Faith*. Faith stands midway between denial and credulity, both of which mean the end of adventure and entreaty. Dr. Hutton agrees with Emerson when he said that God has given us the choice "between truth and repose," whereas half the modern world is seeking repose.

that every man fights a hard fight—often against heavy odds.

One does not wonder at the enthusiasm of Dr. Hutton for Browning, which permeated so much of his earlier preaching and writing. Like that mighty poet, he, too, sees with unflinching eye the risk and adventure of faith, the pathos and peril of our mortal strife, vividly aware of the contradictions and desperate enigmas which life flings in the teeth of the soul. He, too, sees life as one might see a man from whom one expected kindness and friendship doing brutal, outrageous things, and offering closed lips and averted eyes to all demands for an explanation. The man is an enemy, then, and we are at his mercy?

"Hush, I pray you!
What if this friend happen to be—God?"

To know the meaning of that "Hush" in his own heart, to be able to say it convincingly, so that a man who is being buffeted and bludgeoned by hard lot, or beshadowed by deep grief, can believe it and take hope—surely that is the highest service which a man can render to his fellows. Of that finest of all arts Dr.

Hutton is a master; he knows how to comfort men in the true sense, that is, not merely to soothe, but to strengthen, fortify, establish. At any rate, no man living can preach to me as he can, in certain moods, doubly so when he pins me to the wall and forces me to face the facts of the moral life, bringing to bear his power of spiritual analysis, his gift for tracking the subtler movements of the soul, its hidden motives, its push and pull of resolution, its blind thoughts we know not nor can name, and what Woolman called "the stop in the mind."

For the same reason that Dr. Hutton lent his soul to Browning in the earlier years, he now turns to the great Russians, and especially to Dostoevsky, whom he regards as the profoundest spiritual genius of recent centuries. The Russians, he thinks, come near to forming an exception to the law that no man can see God and live. Some of them have almost seen Him and have lived to tell what they saw. The last time I heard him he had been reading a Russian book in which it seemed that the last truth of things was revealed with a thoroughness and unflinchingness of which we in the West are incapable. The book itself was a huddled

and tumultuous business, apparently without plot, the interest being created and sustained by the sharpness of the author's psychology. The writer—whose name he did not give—had created a truly wonderful effect by making all his characters run away from the things which they knew and acknowledged to be perfectly true. Looking superficially at the book, one would say that it was disjointed, unstable, and futile, but beneath the surface it held a lesson which few western writers could enforce. Christ was not mentioned in the book from first to last, but nevertheless he pervaded the whole of it, as he does so much of Russian literature, just as Julius Cæsar, while making only a fugitive appearance in the Shakespeare play of that title, is felt in every line of it. From such a delineation of the unmentioned but acknowledged Christ, from whom men run away in fear, not of him, but of themselves, he made us understand how even now, in spite of its apparent rejection of him, Christ is overcoming the world. A book by Dr. Hutton—and his friends will never let him rest until he writes it—interpreting the soul of Russia in its literature, and most of all the Russian ex-

perience of Christ, would introduce us to a new home of ideas—ideas, too, of such a kind that they may yet heal this tortured world of ours as with a balm.[3]

It is a criticism of Dr. Hutton, and also a

[3] Since this essay was written Dr. Hutton has published his lectures on preaching—"conversations," he prefers to call them—delivered to divinity students at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, under the title, *That the Ministry be not Blamed.* It is a brilliant book, rich in personal revelation, and if one may not follow all the methods he recommends—as to reading, for example—he may well be tenacious of methods which have been so fruitful in his own ministry. More than once he speaks of "the Great Russians who know everything, and who know so much about the soul of man indeed that our most subtle minds, minds like Meredith's even, seem heavy and half awake." His indebtedness to Browning is celebrated with rejoicing gratitude, in a passage which is also a plea for the ministry as a vocation:

"Surely it is no time for a sensitive man who knows history, and who knows his own soul, to hesitate on the threshold of this ancient career. Probably never in the history of man was the great and final question about life at stake as it is today. All our questions fall back upon deeper questions, and these on deeper still, until they pause before the great and Awful question as to what this life of ours means. Are we human beings irrelevant to this vast system which was our cradle and becomes our grave? Or is there a blessed hypothesis which thinking, feeling men can honourably hold—a hypothesis which without robbing life of its mystery and awe ends for us its aching ambiguity? May we speak to men of God? There is one solving word for this universe: it is God. There is one solving word for God: it is Christ.

I am sorry for you men that you have no great poet, as we had, to set your Christian blood leaping, and disposing you almost to dance before the Lord. We had Browning: for whom be all thanks to God for ever and for ever. And Browning spent his whole life and wrote seventeen volumes to this and no other effect:

> While I see day succeed the deepest night—
> How can I speak but as I know?—my speech
> Must be, throughout the darkness, 'It will end:
> The light that did burn, will burn!'"

tribute to him, that, rich as his sermons and essays are, they seem too much like by-products to be accepted as his final contribution to the religious thought of his time. All his friends feel that he has it in him to do some great thing in behalf of the life of faith—a thing which no one else can do—and for this they are waiting. So rare a blend of spiritual and literary resource, so unique a gift of insight and expression, which have given him an influence and power such as few preachers can command, ought to be employed at full stretch on the problems to which the modern mind is so sensitive. The best promise of a fulfilment of this demand, so far, is his series of lectures on *The Proposal of Jesus,* which sets the life and ministry of the Master in a new and revealing light. It is one of the most fruitful books of recent times, suggestive even in its discursiveness, and one which no one can read without feeling anew that the hope of the world is that we may yet discover what Christianity is. In this discovery and interpretation of the religion of Jesus, Dr. Hutton, now in the prime and splendour of his powers—richly endowed, radiant in his insight and personality—ought

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to have a great part. He himself, with that divination of the deeper trend of things which is so marked a trait of his genius, feels that we are on the eve of unpredictable revelations and advances in the faith and fortune of our humanity. As we may read in a passage of which I am fond:

"I sometimes think that in a great, wholesale way we are all of us about to make a wonderful discovery. At times it seems to me as though we were on the edge and moment of a world-shaking revolution in thought and mood. For a long time now we have been feeling our way in a vast, unlit corridor, contending with others in the dark, striking out at shapes which seem to be wishing to do us harm, when all the time they, like ourselves, may only have been out upon their business, and, like us, in the dark. I sometimes think that in answer to the cry of our present distress a light is once more about to shine: and by this light we shall see again an open door, and beyond this door the fair earth and sky. I sometimes think that we are all of us on the point of making the discovery that our Christianity is true, and that for mankind to oppose it or neglect it, is for mankind in the long run—and a long run is needed for the testing of principles—to rush down a steep place and to perish."

III. Dean Inge, of St. Paul's

At a meeting of the Whitefriars Club one night Dean Inge read an essay on immortality. It was an able essay, of course, albeit so abstract and difficult to follow that it left the company puzzled, if not depressed. The eternal hope seemed as remote as a star, as vague as a dream, and so attenuated as to be hardly desirable at all. No one had the courage to start the discussion, until Bernard Shaw made bold to say that having lived sixty years, or thereabouts, he was not encouraged to go on by such a prospect. It was too awful to contemplate, and he proceeded to advocate the organisation of a Suicide Club. The essay, or an elaboration of it, appeared in *Outspoken Essays*—one of the few books of our day which will be read fifty years hence—and the impish attitude of Shaw, who is never more happy than when he can gibe a dean or a bishop, may be inferred from his review of that volume. Among other saucy things, he said:

These essays, dazzling as they are, have done much to confirm me in a conviction which has been deepening in me for years, that what we call secondary education as practised in our public schools and universities is destructive to any but the strongest minds, and even to them is disastrously confusing. I find in the minds of all able and original men and women who have been so educated, a puzzling want of homogeneity. They are full of chunks of unassimilated foreign bodies which are more troublesome and dangerous than the vacancies I find in the minds of those who have not been educated at all. I prefer a cavity to a cancer or a calculus: it is capable of being filled with healthy tissue and is not malignant. In the mind of the dean, which is quite unmistakably a splendid mind, I find the most ridiculous substances, as if, after the operation of educating him, the surgeon-pedagogue had forgotten to remove his sponges and instruments and sewn them up inside him.

There is no doubt that Dean Inge is one of the greatest minds on the British Isles; but if his thinking does not give one quite the impression of hopeless confusion which Shaw described, it does set one wondering over that extraordinary bundle of antinomies we call the human intellect. An aristocrat by nature and training, he has the knack of catching the ear

of the crowd, as much by the vivid colors he employs as by the challenge of his thought. If not actually a pessimist in his temperament, he is at least a Cassandra—doomed to tell the bitter truth and have nobody believe it—whose dismal outlook entitles him to be called "the gloomy dean," a title given as a reward for his remarkable lectures on *The Church and the Age*. One such prophet, if no more, is needed in every generation, and we are sorely in need of one in America, if only to mitigate our easy, evasive optimism which plays ostrich in the face of dark facts. A great Christian teacher, the dean seems to contradict in one breath what he says in the next; so much so that the Methodist Times, after reading his Romanes Lecture on *Progress,* was moved to ask: "Has Dean Inge heard of the gospel?" A rationalist who relegates miracles to "the sphere of pious opinion," he is an apostle of a lofty, if somewhat severe, spirituality; and at the very moment when one expects his shrewd, positive mind to be dogmatic, he "slips through the stile of religious imagination to gather moon-flowers betwixt dusk and dawn."

The surprise was general when the dean

chose Christian mysticism as the theme of his Bampton Lectures; and if at first reading he did not seem to get beyond the fringe of the subject, interest soon shifted from the thesis to the personality of the author. It was astonishing that one of his type of mind, who apparently had not the slightest suspicion that "they see not clearest who see all things clear," should undertake such a study. But a further reading revealed an odd mixture of rationalism and spiritual immediacy, and in spite of his criticisms of the excesses and excrescences of mysticism, the sober web of his thought was shot through with the glow and fire of the reality he sought to expound. Since that time there have been many manuals of mysticism, some wise, some not wise. Evelyn Underhill is scholarly, weighty, noble, though a mediævalist; E. Herman is worth looking into, albeit too much inclined to cleverness—like a juggler doing tricks with the Pearl of Eternity. The great masterpiece in exposition of mysticism in our day is *The Way of Divine Union,* by A. E. Waite, who writes from the inside and with the winged wisdom of a poet, as one who has in his experience that which gives him the key

to much that is hidden from others. But Dean Inge led the way in the study of mysticism, and it is his subtle, shy affinity with the mystics that makes him a worthy successor to a great dynasty of deans, and the one voice to which all England listens.

As a preacher Dean Inge is singularly effective, if one forgets the most amazing mannerisms ever seen in a pulpit, and attends to the matter of his discourse. With clear-cut, ascetic face, scholarly in bearing, looking taller than he is, he has a sober, dry-eyed, didactic personality, and an elocution atrocious in its angularity. As he rises to read his sermon—often without noticing that the audience is present—that straight, level, self-contained look makes no appeal, and the thin, flexible lips seem made to set inferior folk right on no very gentle terms. He makes little concession to dulness or ignorance. As he reads on, his facial expression suggests a contortionist, as he launches his clear, carrying voice—rather rasping at times, owing, no doubt, to his deafness—into the vast spaces of the cathedral. His attitude is one of aristocratic carelessness, as if he trusted to the vaults and pillars to bear

his message, but is not greatly concerned whether they do or not. His matter is a compound of epigram and paradox, or mordant wit and rapier-like satire, matching the tartness of his tones. His humour is of the intellectual variety, and more often than not with a sting in its tail. Without wasting a word, in a style as incisive as his thought—clear, concise, keen-cutting—he sets forth the truth as he sees it. There is no unction in his preaching, no pathos. It is cold intellect, with never a touch of tenderness. Much of what he says is more able than weighty, more brilliant than moving, leaving one wiser rather than better, abashed rather than lifted. Yet, at rare intervals, in the middle of a lecture, there is sometimes a brief unveiling, and one sees the prophet-soul behind the superficial habit of sardonic criticism and pungent epigram.

So the Dean of St. Paul's stands before us with his dry, biting speech, his formidable sarcasm, his alarming air of finality, his startling gift of characterisation, and even in his gentlest moods one feels a bleak wind round the corner. It would not do for all preachers to be of his order. Men need comfort as well as

castigation. Yet what austere sincerity is his, what intrepid courage, what weight of clear judgment, what prophetic power! His quality is that of the Hebrew prophets, with more of Jeremiah than of Isaiah in his spiritual outlook, and if he inspires less affection than any great preacher of his time, it is due partly to his forbidding temperament, but chiefly to his habit of exploding shams and absurdities. Using the flail of John the Baptist, he is a gift of God to our age with its "Lo, here" and "Lo, there," and every kind of fad runs rife. The dean is unconcerned about majorities, impervious to popular feeling. Indeed, one suspects that he is uncomfortable in a majority, like the elder statesman who, when his speech was applauded by the multitude, asked uneasily, "Have I said anything very foolish?" Anyway, he holds it to be a maxim that "the church can rarely co-operate with a popular movement," by which he means that it can seldom tread the path of success, and never because it is the path of success. Unfortunately his bald veracity is not graced by the genius of speaking the truth in love, and he utters hard sayings regardless of consequences; but he will not compromise his

gospel. During the Great War, when so many churchmen of all communions took low ground, he never mitigated by one iota the severity of the Christian message. Later, when so many pandered to the growing power of the labour movement, the dean stood firm, refusing to weaken his gospel in the service of a political party. It did not matter that he was denounced as an obstinate obscurantist; he upheld the dignity of a faith which commands, and can never be subject to the experiences of the hour.

Every right-thinking man must honour the dean for his unyielding tenacity to principle; but at times he seems to stand so straight that he leans backward. Even before he has uttered a word against it one knows that he despises democracy and has no faith in it, because it smells of the mob. Certainly he does not believe that the majority is right, much less that massed ignorance makes wisdom. Often he seems to identify democracy with socialism, if not with demagogy, and he smites both with the swift sword of his satire. Not that he is opposed to social reform. He would indeed build the City of God "in England's green and pleasant land"; but always with the tools of the

spirit. Nor does this attitude mean, as his critics are so ready to infer, that Christianity should be the fortress and bulwark of aristocracy. Far from it. His point is that the church must be ready, if need be, to incur the antagonism of old aristocracy and the vituperations of young demos alike, truckling to neither. She must not cringe to the masses in our day as she once did to the classes; must not seek to be applauded by a multitude who demanded the crucifixion of her Master, and could demand it again—that is the core of a message delivered with needless acerbity, invective and scorn. It is a sound message and one sorely needed in our day, unpalatable though it be. But like all men of wisdom, the dean has his defects, his blind spots, the chief of which—as one might have guessed—is an incredible astigmatism with respect to the social meaning and application of Christianity. Take, for example, his lecture on "The Kingdom of God in the World," and one feels that the gibe of Bernard Shaw was well nigh justified.

Can we point to any recognisable type of character and belief and say, This is Christianity? We might try. Say that belief in

the fatherhood of God, in the brotherhood of man, in the sacredness and eternal importance of the essential part of each personality; the immeasurable superiority of moral goodness to any worldly advantages; love as the crown of all the virtues; selfishness as the root of sin; hypocrisy, hard-heartedness and prudent worldliness as the three things our Lord hated most, trust in God and joy even in affliction; the simple life; the love of wisdom; accumulations of money a snare to their owner; the great renunciation,—he that will save his life shall lose it, and he that will lose his life shall save it—and what Matthew Arnold calls the method of inwardness—these do seem to be enough for a fairly clear notion of what a real Christian is like, and in considering the influence of Christianity on the social order this is also important: that the gospel works by personal influence upon the will and affections and not by external machinery. Jesus left no book, no code, no system: he wrote his gospel on the hearts of men. A slow method? Yes, it is a slow method: it is not easy to change people, but that was the method he chose—like the ancient torch race in which the wearied runner handed on his torch to someone else to carry on. The Christian religion is not taught; it is caught from someone who has it.

The preaching of this gospel is and always has been the great business of the church. All Christians must agree in combating, for ex-

ample, all exploitation and ruining of souls all that great network of co-operative guilt with limited liability which makes up so much of secular society. But when we are invited to go further and take sides as a church in matters in which good and wise men are divided, the case is different. I am not suggesting for a moment that Christians should not have political opinions. I am speaking of organised Christianity as such, and I say deliberately that Christians ought not to organise themselves as Christians for any particular social or political propaganda. We do not want a powerful political church again, whether run by Catholics or Independents. Christianity is a leaven, it can never be more. Our Lord made that absolutely plain, that he never expected to have the majority on his side. Our Lord never gave any reason to suppose the church would ever be successful in winning the masses as such. He never gave any reason to think there would ever be an inconvenient crowd gathered round the narrow gate. Therefore all this kind of clerical demagogy and democracy is fundamentally contrary to his method, and it is, though many good people think otherwise, a treachery against his teaching.

There we have it "plain and flat," as Lowell would say; on the one side a powerful political church to be avoided, and on the other not even a co-operative conscience with limited liability

to match the organised iniquity of the world. In short, every protest of the church against political infamy, every effort of Christians—other than individual—in behalf of juster, wiser, more merciful laws, every attempt of the pulpit to translate the teachings of Jesus into practical social justice is, as Dean Inge sees it under the glorious dome of St. Paul's, a form of treachery and demagogy. "What can we do?" is surely a fair question, and the dean answers it in his closing lecture on "The Church and the Age," from which we learn, after a merciless flaying of nearly every forward-looking movement of our time, that "the whole duty of the church is to hold up the Christian view of life, the Christian standard of values, steadily before the eyes" of the people, laying emphasis upon love, sympathy, economy, sincerity, holy living, "setting a good example" for the poorer members of our own class, and indirectly for "the class below," upon charity, prayer, and the duty of helping to form a moral public opinion against the evils of foolish fashions, gambling, and the like. More specifically, three avenues of influence seem to be open to Christian enterprise, three modern

tendencies with which "we, as church people, may co-operate and assist." They are the breaking down of class barriers, the spread of education, and the care of public health, and especially the support of the new science of eugenics! Such is the programme of the Christian church, as outlined in the old grey cathedral of England, at a time when the world is shattered by universal war, disfigured by industrial brutality, plundered by greed, and staggering under the shadow of a vast despair! One recalls the word of Carlyle: "The world asks of its church in these times, more passionately than of any other institution, the question—Canst thou teach us or not?"

Howbeit, my purpose here is not to argue with Dean Inge, but simply to portray his outlook and art as a preacher. He stands for a point of view—held by many noble and true hearted men—which, if held by all, would make the church an *arcana celestia* of a barren and immovable conservatism; but that is not the attitude of the church of today and it never will be! Jesus was not put to death for laying emphasis upon love, sympathy, prayer, and the doing of good, but for making a definite pro-

posal for the public policy of the world; and if following him leads the church to Calvary, it is not better than its leader. For the character, the scholarship, and the noble prophetic courage of Dean Inge, we give thanks, but we refuse to follow him in his advocacy of "the public impotence of religion." His fame will outlive his defects, and the stones he has laid will abide as a foundation for other and perhaps more genial workers. One such stone is his vision of a church truly one, not in organisation or creed or ritual, but because drawn to communion through a profound veneration and love for its Master. He has taught us out of long and deep study that the mystics all tell the same tale; all climb the same mountain, and their witness agrees together. All ages, all sects, all languages are blended harmoniously on that shining Jacob's ladder which scales the heavens in far other fashion than was ever dreamed of by the builders of Babel. Despite the deflections of his insight, he has interpreted that eternal religion which is the original divine poetry, whereof our theologies are imperfect translations, summing it up in a golden passage which Bernard Shaw was "wicked" enough to

say is one of the rare intervals of inspiration enjoyed by the dean in the midst of the years:

It allows us what George Meredith calls "the rapture of the forward view." It brings home to us the meaning of the promise of Christ that there are many things yet hid from humanity which will in the future be revealed by the Spirit of Truth. It encourages us to hope that for each individual who is trying to live the right life the venture of faith will be progressively justified in experience. It breaks down the denominational barriers which divide men and women who worship the Father in spirit and in truth—barriers which become more senseless in each generation, since they no longer correspond even approximately with real differences of belief or of religious temperament. It makes the whole world kin by offering a pure religion which is substantially the same in all climates and in all ages—a religion too divine to be fettered by any man-made formulas, too nobly human to be readily acceptable to men in whom the ape and tiger are still alive, but which finds a congenial home in the purified spirit which is the throne of the Godhead. Such is the type of faith which is astir among us. It makes no imposing show in church conferences; it does not fill our churches and chapels; it has no organisation, no propaganda; it is for the most passively loyal, without much enthusiasm, to the institutions among

which it finds itself. But in reality it has overleapt all barriers; it knows its true spiritual kin; and amid the strifes and perplexities of a sad, troublous time it can always cover its hope and confidence by ascending in heart and mind to the heaven which is closer to it than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

IV: Charles E. Jefferson

It so happened that I heard Dr. Jefferson preach just after I had read his four golden books of counsel and guidance in the matter of preaching.[1] It was an interesting experience, like listening to a master painter lecture on painting, and then watching him paint a picture; and never did practice fulfil precept more perfectly. Those four books, if taken together, form the best course of practical instruction for a young minister with which I am acquainted, as much for their fraternal spirit as for their plain-spoken wisdom. They have the ring of reality, the tang of experience, as of one who is not spinning a theory but telling us what he has learned by living. Uniting a heavenly vision with homely common sense, they show us how, since we have this treasure

[1] *The Minister as Shepherd* and *The Minister as Prophet* were lectures delivered at the Bangor Theological Seminary; *The Building of the Church* was the Yale lectures for 1910; while *Quiet Hints to Growing Preachers* is a series of familiar talks in the study, telling things that laymen need not hear.

in earthen vessels, we must make the vessel fit for the divine use. A little book long famous in English literature was entitled *A Mirror for Magistrates;* and these books are a Mirror for Ministers, showing the things that help and the faults that mar the ministry—a mirror held in a wise and brotherly hand.

Some of us regard *The Building of the Church* as one of the best of all the historic series of Yale Lectures, if only because it approaches the preacher through the church. There we see the preacher against the background of "organised preaching" in which his labor is enshrined; in the environment of faith and prophecy of which he is both the creation and the interpreter. The thesis of the lectures, expounded with characteristic lucidity of insight and style, is that preaching involves not one man only, but a society of men and women. The sermon does not grow out of the soul of the preacher alone, but out of the deep heart of the church. It is not the preacher who makes the church; it is the church which makes the preacher. He does not shape himself, but is moulded by the communal life and faith of a body of believers, and gives back what he

receives. The church in her corporate experience is his mother, to whom he owes his life of faith, and, by the same token, a life of loyalty. He is not an isolated individual, but an organ functioning in an organism; and his ministry belongs to him not alone by virtue of his temperament, his poetic gift, or his social passion, but as an endowment of the church of God whose son and servant he is.

With this thesis fresh in my mind, when I entered the "Skyscraper Church," as the Broadway Tabernacle is called by the New York papers, I felt that I was approaching Dr. Jefferson through the great church which, in its present form and influence, is the creation of his faith as a leader and his acumen as an executive, no less than of his genius as a preacher. When he came to New York in 1898 he found a church living almost wholly in the past, and stifling in a neighbourhood quite unfavourable to growth. He made certain demands as conditions of his acceptance—there was, I am told, a three months' option clause, long since forgotten by both pastor and people —and from that uncertain beginning, in spite of the swelling tides of alien populations, and

the swiftly shifting conditions of New York, the church has grown, and the preacher has grown with it, until today it is a bulwark of righteousness, a shrine of faith and a throne of power, in the greatest city of America. If Emerson was right when he said that every institution is the lengthened shadow of a man, the building at Fifty-sixth Street, with its modern appointments and equipment, and still more the noble Christian community, whose gracious, wholesome, creative activities take so many forms of fruitful service, is the incarnation of the spirit, personality and constructive vision of its minister. Such a ministry, so wisely and quietly wrought, rich in insight and enterprise, deserves to be celebrated with gratitude and joy by the whole church of every name.

The New York papers are wont to describe Dr. Jefferson as stern, cold, unbending, an old-time Puritan pastor in whose thought modernism has no place, and whose methods are as masterful as his personality. It is a strange caricature, as alien to the spirit of the preacher as it is unlike the Puritans whose history he knows as few others. He does embody the

heroic Puritan tradition, and if there is any place on earth where such a minister is needed more than another, it is in our gay and giddy-paced metropolis, in the garish glitter of Broadway. They err who think him stern, cold, or unbending; though, as he sits in the pulpit, his appearance does give one an impression of firmness, if not of austerity. But as he begins to speak his rugged face is illumined by an inner brightness, and one discovers that it is the firmness of strength, of poise, of serenity, suffused by a great gentleness, and touched by that elusive magnetic quality so impossible to define. On that long-gone Sunday morning the Tabernacle was full, the men outnumbering the women—young men, especially, to whom the preacher is so attractive. If, as Delsarte once said, "mediocrity is not the too little, but the too much," Dr. Jefferson is a genius in the conduct of public worship. The service was simple, natural, satisfying, rich without being ornate, reverent without being formal; and it did what every service of social worship is intended to do. It welded an audience into a congregation, wooing us out of our

lonely isolation into liberty and joy of fellowship.

The sermon had to do with the atonement, and I felt a sense of dismay when he announced the theme, expecting a dull time with an old theological riddle. Having used the word once or twice, he threw it aside, because of the unrealities associated with it, using, instead, the word "reconciliation," which is nearer to the experience of the New Testament. As a thinker it was plain that he stood in the tradition of Clement of Alexandria, and, later, of Schleiermacher, Maurice, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, to whom the incarnation was "the climax of immanence in the world," and the atonement an age-long process in which God is ever present and all-suffering. The old ideas of the atonement, he said, were either artificial, mechanical, or theatrical. The idea of God underlying them was not only inadequate, but false. Henceforth we must think in terms of fatherhood, drawing our analogies not from the courthouse and the counting-room, but from the deepest, holiest realities of life. Quite frankly the preacher gave us more than one glimpse of the struggle in his own heart in

days agone, and how he rebelled against the old dogma: "I would not accept it. I became an infidel. No man can accept a doctrine that darkens his moral sense. I wonder in telling this if I have not spoken the experience of many of you this morning." Indeed, yes. Some of us knew every footprint along that dark path, and the bitter agony of the way. He told how a minister, who had outgrown the old dogmas, led him to see a clearer vision which set his heart singing. No doubt it was Phillips Brooks, under whose spell he fell as a young man, and by whom he was won from the law to the ministry. What a lawyer he would have made, with his clear incisive intellect, his scrupulous precision as a workman, and his gift of quiet, persuasive eloquence! Another bit of self-revelation came in his reply to those who say that, if God carries the wound of the world in his heart, He cannot be happy: "Of course he cannot be happy. Children are happy, grown people never are. After we have passed over the days of childhood, there is happiness no longer. Some of us have lived too long and borne too much ever to be happy any more." An undertone of pathos, far

enough from pessimism—as of one whom the years has taken below the surface of things, some way down into the mystery and sorrow of life—made itself heard all through the sermon, if the ear that listened was sensitive. It was real preaching, what the English call "preaching of the centre," heart speaking to heart in words so simple that one felt the impact of reality. Somehow it recalled a passage in one of his lectures in which he tells what a sermon costs, and how the preacher must live the word of God before he preaches it:

A sermon is not a manufactured product, but a spiritual creation. It is not a machine which a man can construct in his sermonic shop, and set running in the pulpit like the electric toys which one sees sometimes on the corner of the city street. A sermon is an exhalation, a spiritual vapor emerging from the oceanic depths of the preacher's soul. It is an emanation, an efflux, an effluence flowing from an interior fountain hidden in the depths of personality. It is an efflorescence, an outflowing of beautiful things whose home is in the blood. It is a perfume from spiritual roses blooming in the garden of the heart. It is a fruit growing on the tree of a man's life. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Make the tree good.

A sermon is the life-blood of a Christian spirit. A preacher dies in the act of preaching. He lays down his life for his brethren. He saves others, himself he cannot save. The pulpit is a Golgotha in which the preacher gives his life for the life of the world. Preaching is a great work. To do it as God wants it done, the preacher must be a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.[2]

There are those who hold that oratory always moves on a more or less low moral plane, and is an exercise perilous alike to the soul of speaker and hearer. Froude, who could not do away with eloquence, thought it nearly always misleading, if not dishonest; and Montaigne was of a similar opinion. Meredith has an epigram sufficiently light, to the effect that oratory "is always the more impressive for the spice of temper which renders it untrustworthy." [3] Dr. Jefferson shares this distrust of oratory—he so fears unreality—and that, too, in spite of his amazing gift of lucid, fitly coloured, gracious and moving speech. He knows how easily an orator is betrayed into saying more than he sees, mistaking ornament for

[2] *The Building of the Church,* Lecture VIII.
[3] *Diana of the Crossways,* Chap. I.

insight; a peril which, if unchecked, eats away the moral fibre of a man. He knows that if a man sets out to be eloquent, using oratorical tricks, stratagems and pyrotechnics, he bids good-bye to truth and sincerity. One of his sayings ought to be written in the mind of every young minister: "Never endeavour to be eloquent. It may be that God will let you be eloquent half a dozen times in your life, but I am sure you cannot be eloquent if you try to be." All of which bespeaks the austere integrity of the man, his veracity of soul in dealing with the truth, and with the people. For no one has a more vivid sense of the potent, far-reaching influence of true Christian speech, whose word is also a deed, and of which he is one of the noblest masters among us.

Style, he once said, is perfect when it becomes invisible; and that exactly describes his own style. It puts on no airs, knows no frills, and attracts no attention to itself. It fits his thought as tightly as the skin fits the flesh. There is not a wrinkle, and it is so natural and true that unless you sit before it as a critic and pay close attention, you will not see it at all. Simple, sinewy, flexible, it can preach a ser-

man, write an essay, or tell a lovely Christmas story, with equal grace and ease. The style of a preacher is conditioned, of course, by his mental quality and the fashion of his spoken address. Thus, the stately, sweeping periods of Gunsaulus were suited to the uses of his voice; that magnificent organ whose rich and manifold music follows us down the years. In like manner, the diction of Dr. Jefferson is admirably attuned to the character of his delivery, which is clear, gentle, melodious and of varied modulation. He is sparing of gesture; his sentences are short; his language is rich in colour, but its beauty is inwrought rather than decorative. His sermons are not read, but spoken, and that with an air of the utmost ease and spontaneity—like a teacher telling a tale, like a friend persuading you of a high matter. There is passion in his discourse, but it is not of a kind that resembles a torrent of fire. Rather, as was said of John Ker—whom he resembles in many ways—it is like "a warm radiance shining through the windows of a home where strong conviction and quiet faith dwell at peace with understanding and hope and acquaintance with grief." He does not

seek to take the mind of an audience by violence or to carry it away on an impetuous tide of words. His way is rather to win his hearers, taking them captive unawares, showing them the beauty of the gospel and the meaning of their lives, seeking to lead them into the freedom and service of the Master.

An English writer has recently said that one grave fault of the pulpit of our day, and especially in America, is what he picturesquely calls "suburban preaching."[4] By suburban preaching he does not mean preaching to people who live in the suburbs, but preaching which makes its home on the fringes and outskirts of Christian truth, rather than in the centre and the citadel; preaching that has much to say about the minor moralities, and the passing events of the day, but very little about the great themes of the gospel. If, the writer adds, preachers like Wesley, Newman, Dale, Spurgeon and Liddon have one common word to speak to the pulpit of today it is this: that behind all great preaching there lies always a great gospel greatly conceived. To that list of names he might have added Jefferson, whose

[4] Dr. George Jackson, in *The Manchester Guardian.*

plea for doctrinal preaching—as in his lecture on "The Place of Dogma in Preaching"—has been fulfilled, in a crowded and versatile ministry, by showing what such preaching should be. Take any of his volumes, such as *Doctrine and Deed* and *The New Crusade*—which are an honour to the American pulpit—and you find him dealing with the basic issues of faith, both in their profound significance for thought and in their practical meaning for life. His volume entitled *Things Fundamental* was a series of Lenten sermons, his custom being to devote that sacred season not merely to pious reverie, but to grappling with the great truths which, like the rock ribs of the earth, underlie and uphold the lives of all Christian men. Indeed, in the first sermon I heard him preach there was a passage as apt today as it was well-nigh twenty years ago:

> If Protestantism today is not doing what it ought to do, and is manifesting symptoms which are alarming to Christian leaders, it is because she has in these recent years been engaged so largely in practical duties as to forget to drink inspiration from the great doctrines which must forever furnish life and strength

and hope. If you will allow me to prophesy this morning I predict that the preaching of the next fifty years will be far more doctrinal than the preaching of the last fifty years has been. I imagine some of you will shudder at that. You say you do not like doctrinal preaching, you want preaching that is practical. Well, pray, what is practical preaching? . . . If you really want practical preaching, the only preaching that is deserving the name is preaching that deals with the great Christian doctrines. When people say they do not like doctrinal preaching they often mean that they do not like preaching which belongs to the seventeenth or sixteenth centuries. They are not to blame for this. There is nothing that gets stale so soon as preaching. We cannot live on the preaching of a by-gone age. But doctrinal preaching need not be antiquated or belated, it may be fresh, it may be couched in the language in which men were born. And whenever it does this there is no preaching which is so thrilling and uplifting and mighty as that which deals with the great fundamental doctrines.[5]

Some one has said that any regular attendant at the Broadway Tabernacle could pass an examination on Christian teaching, both as to its ruling ideas and their application to the life of today. It is indeed true, as two recent series

[5] *Doctrine and Deed.*

of sermons may illustrate. One had to do with "Work and Wages," and dealt with economic facts and forces in the light of Christian truth, revealing an astonishing knowledge of facts, in a spirit as far removed from an erratic radicalism as from a petrified conservativism. Another series, which ran for more than two months, was entitled "How to Live," and showed how well and wisely Dr. Jefferson fulfills what the Catholics call the office of Direction—that is, specific guidance in the details of practical spiritual life—which, next to hard pastoral work, is one of the greatest needs of the Protestant church. For example, the church tells men to pray, but it does not tell them how to do it. The physician must not simply tell his patients to be well, he must tell them how to live—how to sleep, what to eat, and the rest. The church ought to do the same for the moral and spiritual life. There are difficulties of course in handling mental and spiritual hygiene in the pulpit, but people need help—definite instruction—and if they do not find it in the church, in their need they will go elsewhere to get it, perhaps to the mercenary quack and the half-baked charlatan.

Not alone as a builder of faith and character, but equally in behalf of social justice, the fraternity of classes and the comity of nations, Dr. Jefferson has been a seer-like leader. No preacher in this land has been a more relentless enemy of war, using fact, reason, satire—every weapon in his bright armory—to fight the fiend. Some of his addresses are memorable, as when he led a visitor from Mars upon a tour of the earth, taking him behind the scenes in the parliamentary assemblies of the nations, until, disgusted at the duplicity of mankind—mouthing about peace and making ready for war—to hide his horror the Martian boarded a celestial express for a saner planet! What the world-tragedy meant to Dr. Jefferson, both as a fulfilment of his forebodings and a crucifixion of his ideals, only his brethren who walked through the same valley of shadow can ever know. Not all the casualties of war are on the battlefield; in the hearts of Christian men there is devastation and unspeakable woe. Cast down but not destroyed, saddened but not defeated, Dr. Jefferson sought to interpret the will and truth of God in the awful exegesis of events; hence his volume, *What*

the War has Taught Us. He has been a tower of strength in days of rancour and reaction, and often he alone found the needed word for the hour, as when, on the Sunday following the rejection of the Covenant of the League of Nations by the Senate, he took for his text the words: *"And Noah was drunk."* In a fairer, juster day men will turn the pages of his prophetic witness and thank God for a man who was clear-visioned under a cloudy sky, and whose testimony for righteousness, no less than his rebuke of evil, was uttered with gentleness of heart and the dignity of a golden voice.

Truly it is a great ministry, worthy of honour in all the churches, its influence more wide-ranging than the minister himself knows, and in ways no art can trace. To his younger brethren—some of whom toil alone in far places—it is a comfort and joy just to know that he is there, keeping the light of God aglow amid the glare of Broadway. His genius as preacher and pastor is only equalled by his wealth of friendship, his brotherly kindness, his sagacity in counsel, and his leadership in all Christian enterprise. Every man of us

knows that whoever else may lose heart, let go of faith, or lower the ideal of the minister of Christ, that will Dr. Jefferson never! In days when the church is the target of every kind of calumny, and many fall away, he bids us lift up our hearts, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus how he said:

"I will build my church." He is a work. The church is no little private enterprise of ours. It is his. We are colabourers with him. Critics rage and brilliant writers imagine a vain thing. Kings and rulers in divers realms take counsel together and agree that the glory of the church is departing. The Lord holds them in derision. The church is not obsolescent. Humanity has not outgrown it. Its noon is not behind it. Its triumphal career has only begun. We are toiling amid the mists of the early morning. It is the rising sun that smites our foreheads, and we cannot even dream of the victory which is to be. We work upon an enduring institution. After the flags of republics and empires have been blown to tatters and the earth itself has tasted death, the church of Jesus shall stand forth glorious, free from blemish and mark of decay, the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it. Therefore, my beloved brethren, in these confused and confusing days, be steadfast, immovable in the

presence of the world's clamour and rancour, always building your life and the lives of as many as God entrusts to your keeping, into the church of the Lord, for as much as you know that such labour is not in vain in the Lord.

V: W. E. Orchard

"I tell you what it is. That parson is city-bred, a town man down to the roots of him. If he'd got the sea and the hills in his soul, or the great wide spaces, and if he heard the cry of the wind above the rattle of your beastly old streets, he'd not say much about the things that seem big to him now, and he'd not know how to say enough about some things he gets rid of in five minutes!"

After such manner a man from the far Back Bush of Australia, who had lived in the great, lonely silences until he had been stripped of all conventionality, but confirmed in the worship and fear of God, spoke of Dr. Orchard in his Enfield days. The man from the Bush never went to church—did not care a hang about it, he said—and at first he was shocked by the sermon, as no anæmic sermon-taster knows how to be shocked. But he soon realised the profound reverence and sincerity of the preacher, despite a seeming flippancy and a

love of shocking people, from which he has never recovered. There was a point in the thrust; but it is also true that if Dr. Orchard had the wave in his heart and the cry of the wind in his soul, he would have less to give the restless, nervous, jostled city folk to whom he ministers, and which makes him easily the most picturesque and outstanding figure in the Free Church pulpit of London.

In the stormy days of the New Theology discussion, hardly an echo of which remains, Dr. Orchard stood with R. J. Campbell, albeit with an accent, emphasis and point of view all his own. By virtue alike of temperament and experience both were wandering stars, each in his own orbit, but Orchard was the abler of the two, having a more incisive intellect as well as a finer literary quality. His early thesis upon *Modern Theories of Sin* revealed a man with whom to reckon, at once provocative and provoking in thought, as fearless in criticism as he was fruitful in constructive insight. Many still think that some of the best work he has ever done was as confidant and counsellor of souls astray, torn between sorrow and revolt, whereof we read in *Problems and Perplexi-*

ties—one of the best books of its kind ever written. Indeed, he is reported to have said that it was in dealing with the difficulties of others that he discovered the inadequacy, if not bankruptcy, of the New Theology, and a need for something deeper, more drastic, more real. Hence his "trek back to Christ," as he described it, wherein he abandoned the position then held, or rather went beyond it towards a Free Catholicism. The closing pages of the little book gave a hint of this tendency:

> The true Church is that organism which continues the ministry of Jesus Christ, and is the body of God's increasing incarnation. At present no organisation can be identified with that organism. . . . But it does follow that the present institution can never become the church of God. It will probably grow worse before it grows better. It will have to face reform or extinction. . . . It is impossible to predict the character of the next generation. But there will probably be a change in the very idea of the church, and it is more than likely that the conflicting ideals of Catholicism and Protestantism will disappear and give rise to a fresh synthesis. . . . The church will then be truly catholic, for it will embrace every type: lowly, like the Lord, the servant rather than the mistress, the learner even more than the

teacher. Surely all within the church must hear the warning sounds. They come not from the defiant world; the world heeds us not; nor from some scornful ambassador of the gates of hell. That sound is the church's Lord, knocking, without!

Even in his liberal days Dr. Orchard was a liberalist with a difference; as far removed from an arid rationalism as from the dilettante whose theology is a confection of rose-water sentiment. For him Christianity was dynamite, not jam, a stroke of lightning, not a stick of candy. He held that liberalism meant that a man was free to be a Christian, not that he holds his Christianity lightly or loosely; that he has the same charity toward the past as toward the future, and is as willing to listen to St. Bernard as to Henri Bergson. Otherwise, he said, our boasted liberalism is only sound and bluster, signifying nothing more than narrowness and vanity. He thought the liberal pulpit rejected certain dogmas about Christ, because it wanted Christ himself brought nearer to us—with the demand which he knew would plague him with an unsatisfied passion to be more like Him. He imagined that liberals were dis-

contented with the dogmas of atonement and salvation because they were against an easy gospel—that is, they were willing to stand naked before the Awful Holiness, seeking "purity rather than peace," as Newman made his motto. In short, if he was anxious for religion to be liberal, he was far more concerned that liberalism should be religious in a radical, creative, deep-going fashion, issuing in heroic moral action. As a result he found himself an orthodox heretic among liberals and a liberal heretic among the orthodox; and that is where he stands today.

No matter; it is far more important to understand Dr. Orchard and his message than it is to try to classify him in one category or another, much less to paste a label on his cassock. At the King's Weigh House in London, as in his earlier ministry in Enfield, he attracts an eclectic audience from all over the city, drawn equally by his shattering criticisms of the older views of theology and the positive message which no utterance of his ever lacks—but still more by a grace of personality and an authentic spiritual genius which mark him as a God-illumined preacher. Not a few insist

that the rarest power of Dr. Orchard is his gift of prayer, as revealed in his golden little book, *The Temple,* which has done so much to help men of the modern mind to walk once more the quiet way to the Place of Hearing. Brief, tender, wistful, heart-probing, its prayers are like those paving stones one finds in unexpected places on the Yorkshire moors, marking a broken and half-forgotten path over the heather toward an ancient shrine of faith, Whitby Abbey, uplifted on its stately headland above the northern sea. It is a modern devotional classic, the like of which it would be hard to name, unless it be *Spoken Words of Prayer and Praise,* by Tipple, whose prayers are lyrics of the love of God and the beauty of his world, sun-bright and attuned to the songs of birds, albeit not lacking in sympathy for the struggle and tragedy of life. In my London Diary I find the following memory of my first service at the King's Weigh House, the Sunday evening before I returned to my work at the City Temple in 1917:

May 12th:—Went to King's Weigh House Church today—made famous by Dr. Binney—and heard W. E. Orchard preach. He is an

extraordinary preacher, of vital mind, of authentic insight, of challenging personality. From an advanced liberal position he has swung toward the Free Catholicism, and by an elaborate use of symbols is seeking to lead men by the sacramental approach to the mystical experience and the social expression of religion. Some attend for the service, some for the sermon, and together they make an influential following. The sermon had to do with the vision of Isaiah in the temple—a favorite theme in these days when so many things are shaken—and seldom have I heard a preacher more searching, more aglow with the divine passion. He does not simply kindle the imagination; he gives one a vivid sense of reality. He has a dangerous gift of humour, which sometimes sharpens into satire, but he uses it as a whip of cords to drive sham and unreality out of the temple. He said that preaching in our day is bad, and that in the Anglican church "it is really worse than necessary!" Much ado is now made about reordination, and he thought that it is not enough for the bishop to lay his hands on a preacher; the servant-girl and the tram-driver ought also to add their consecration. With the lift of God in his face he cried: "You need Christ, and I can give him to you!" Surely that is the ultimate grace and glory of the pulpit—the living Christ mediated to men. It recalled the oft repeated record in the *Journal* of Wesley, in respect of the com-

panies to whom he preached: "I gave them Christ." It was more than an offer; it was a sacrament of communication.

Such an entry gives no details of the picture, no account of the service with its strange blend of mediævalism and modernity, no description of the man who is the most impelling preacher in London, as he is often the most perplexing and irritating. A tiny wisp of a man, with tow hair and searching blue eyes, if in the pulpit he looks like an ascetic, in private he is the most joyous of comrades and the best story teller in England. At first the service, with its quick changes of artistic vestments, suggests a kindergarten parade of ecclesiastical millinery—in which Leviticus is substituted for Galatians, and the crucifix for the cross—until one has read his remarkable sermon on "Colour in Religion," and knows what he means by it. Behind him in the pulpit hangs a crucifix, and he often seems to appeal to it beseeching the Master to speak through him the living word. For sheer intellectual power, for keenness of spiritual insight—its authority marred, at times, by priestly assumption—he is as unique in his appeal as he is inimitable in his

oratory. His brilliant asides, swift and sharp as a rapier-thrust, with enough slang in them to make them spicy, would not survive revision in print, but they are tellingly effective. When, however, we get beyond his humour, his satire, his gadfly criticism—which entitle him to be called the Bernard Shaw of Nonconformity—we find ourselves face to face with something that grips and pierces, and will not let us go. It is not of the intellect merely; it is a passion for souls which softens the sharpest edges of his thought and irradiates even his most cutting sarcasm. As another has written with true insight:

> At the heart of his theology is a Christ who, feeling the urgency of the divine will upon him, and yielding himself up with the utmost singleness of purpose and the most complete self-abandonment to the impulse of Saviourhood latent in every man, obtained that "Name that is above every name," whereby all men must be saved. Suddenly a note of passion creeps into the clear, sympathetic voice, bringing us up against something really great and searching, and all the minor irritations are forgotten. Suddenly the preacher grips reality with naked hands and all side issues sink below the surface. He is speaking of the reality of the

soul, of sin, of the human will, of God, of Christ. Terrible in some moods is his unsparing surrender to truth, his incorruptible attitude towards reality. He refuses to eat the bread of compromise, spurns all cheap pragmatisms, scorns to debase religion into a mere means of human happiness. He does not palter with the irony, the exactions, the crushing sternness of the love of God; he does not trick himself or others into believing that Jesus can be loved with immunity. His Christ is the Christ whose words fling fire on the earth, whose touch leaves wounds, whose cross shatters our little providential theories and tempts us to cry out in our passionate hours that it is a cruel and bitter thing to be loved of God. Men who have so learnt Christ have a Herod-sword within their hearts, and by an inalienable birthright belong to the spiritual aristocracy. If such a man is a preacher, especially if he is a born preacher like Dr. Orchard, he will fling fire among men and live to see it kindle.[1]

From the first day of the Great War to the last, Dr. Orchard stood in his pulpit and pointed to the crucifix, at once a prophet of indignation and a priest of pity. He preached no interim ethics. If he was called a pacifist it did not matter; he refused to lower the Chris-

[1] *Voices of Today*, by Hugh Sinclair.

tian ideal an inch. Insistently, consistently, with passionate and surrendering conviction he bore magnificent and ceaseless witness against all war. His criticism was merciless, his sarcasm withering, and he spared no one however high in office. Through it all one felt an infinite heartache, as of one who was himself crucified by the agony of it all. Returning one day from Scotland, in a railway carriage, I heard one British officer say to another: "I say, old chap, it's a beastly business, this war. It tears me in two. Over here we sing Peace on Earth, and out there the killing of boys goes on. When I get so fed up I can't stand it any longer, I go to a little chapel in Duke Street, where a chap named Orchard blows the whole blooming business up. All I can do is to swear, but he gets it said. It's ripping to hear him do it." Had Dr. Orchard exercised such a ministry in New York, no doubt he would have landed in jail, so much greater is the freedom enjoyed in England. In my diary are a number of entries about him and I venture to transcribe another:

May 10th, 1918:—What the Free Catholicism may turn out to be remains to be disclosed:

so far it is more clever and critical than constructive. W. E. Orchard is its Bernard Shaw, and W. G. Peck its Chesterton. At first it was thought to be only a protest against the ungracious barrenness of Nonconformist worship, in behalf of rhythm, colour, and symbolism. But it is more than that. It seeks to unite personal religious experience with its corporate and symbolical expression, thus joining two things hitherto held apart. As between Anglicans and Nonconformists it discovers the higher unity of things which do not differ, and that is a distinct advance. For, if we are ever to have Christian union, it must be by comprehension, not by compromise. It ought to be possible for those who emphasize individual experience of religious reality to unite with those who seek the corporate fellowship of believers. Together they may approach the largeness of Christ, in whom there is room for every type of experience and expression. Also, by interpreting and extending the sacramental principle, and at the same time disinfecting it of magic and superstition, the Free Catholicism may give new sanction and inspiration to creative social endeavour. For years it has been observed how many ultra High Churchmen—for example, Bishop Gore, one of the noblest characters in modern Christianity—have been leaders in the social interpretation and application of Christianity. Perhaps, at last, we shall learn that it was not the church, but humanity,

with which Jesus identified himself when he said, "This is my body broken for you." There is still further light to break forth from Christian truth, and let us hope that the Free Catholicism will help us to see and follow it. The great thing about Christianity is that no one can tell what it will do next.

Perhaps this entry may help some of those who misunderstand Dr. Orchard to see the kind of Catholicism of which he is a prophet and a pioneer. Some imagine that by Catholicism he means the Roman Church, but that is neither free nor catholic. No one knows better than Dr. Orchard that Rome, as it now is, would crush him as quickly, as contemptuously, as she did Tyrrell, and with a tragedy far more ghastly than that of Newman. For while he has much that reminds one of Newman, he is a free spirit, and he knows the way to Emmaus as Newman never did. Others think that his Catholicism is merely æsthetic and temperamental, a sentimental attachment to some antique survival, like a fondness for Gothic architecture or a new version of the Mass. Far from it. He would, no doubt, restore much, if not all, of the old Catholic system, but without the spirit of anathema, exclusion, and compulsion,

uniting the cultus of Christianity with its creed, and interpreting both in terms of eternal truth and modern need. Thus his vision is far wider, more comprehensive, more revolutionary than his critics are aware. Recently he said: "Some of you have been reassured about me lately that I am not going over to Rome, after all. I am not so sure. I may! But why are you not afraid that I may join the Salvation Army? Because equally I may! What I hate are the middle ways."

No; the Free Catholicism is far more catholic than the Roman Church, and it is freer than the Free Churches. It is a rediscovery of the comprehensiveness of Christianity, a living experience of the universality of Christ, as much at home with the Inner Light of the Quaker as with the Real Presence. But it joins depth with breadth, and finds in the old Christian dogmas not metaphysical abstractions, but dynamic forces for the creation of new men and a new social order, linking mystical vision with social passion, and freedom with fellowship. One has only to read the sermons of Dr. Orchard, who follows the old elaborate homiletic method—what the English call "the three-

deck sermon"—to discover how profoundly radical the Free Catholicism is both as to personal experience and social regeneration. For the two are inseparable in his thought, as witness such sermons as "How the Cross Reconstructs Personality," and "Christian Dogma and Social Revolution." Here is vital preaching, as ancient as it is modern, aglow with insight and passion and prophecy; the voice of one who has the genius of a pathfinder, and the courage to make experiments, knowing that as of old Jesus "made as though he would have gone further," so, today, he beckons us toward his own largeness. In a striking sermon entitled "The New Catholicism," he says:

This then is the New Catholicism. At present it is no more than a dream in the hearts of a few, rather misty and vague perhaps, yet able to make every waking hour full of unrest for its realisation. With others it is only a dumb craving for they know not what, a discontent with things as they are. It has yet to outline its policy and fight its battles; and before it can conquer, there are prejudices to overcome, fears to dispel, false conclusions to disprove. Yet it holds the field. Denominationalism can no longer count upon the old-time loyalties. Neither Protestantism nor Roman-

ism can ever do anything but stand over against one another, hostile and suspicious. There can be no reconciliation until they are gathered into one really Catholic Church. . . . Such hopes can only be realised as we get back to the catholicity of Christ's character and teaching. It is following names instead of Christ that has ruined us all. It is the attempt to employ worldly power instead of the wisdom of the Cross. It is a false scholarship that has given us a divided Christ. Only as we discover the One Catholic Christ shall we be able to build the One Catholic Church.

If in this appreciation the emphasis has been laid as much upon the message as upon the messenger, it is because the Minister of the King's Weigh House stands before us a shining and challenging figure, at once a rebuke and a portent. With the spiritual radicalism of his Master, he puts to scorn our comfortable conventionalism, our plausible expediences, our Pickwickian endeavours after Christian unity, no less than our compromising cowardice in the presence of the organised brutality of modern industrial and political life. When one thinks of the tragedy of a divided, distracted, ineffective church—a mere huddle of sects, each clinging to its own little dialect—set over

against the federated iniquity of the world, one thanks God for a prophet-priest like Dr. Orchard; as much for his teasing humour, his tormenting satire, and his tantalising waspish criticism, as for his radiant insight and eloquence. Let him wear his gorgeous vestments and use the ancient symbols and litanies of faith, if by any means he can help to bring back the visions that make the church the sacramental incarnation of Christ. Frail, fearless, fascinating, across the tumbling seas I can still see him as he stood at his high altar, having poured out his heart in protest against the collective suicide of war, making the gesture of the Cross in benediction—as if to point us, in parable as well as precept, to the living Christ whose anointed messenger he is.

VI: Charles D. Williams

Can a prophet be a bishop? Can a bishop be a prophet? What is the function of a radical democrat in an old, aristocratic institution? What is the prophetic message for the ministry of today? Such questions were in my mind as I mingled with the divinity students at Yale when Bishop Williams gave his first lecture on preaching on the Lyman Beecher Foundation. It was an eager, expectant company, and some seemed waiting to see a long-haired, wild-eyed radical whose sentences would be a series of explosions. The lecturer, except for his clerical garb, looked more like a clear-cut, straight-seeing business man than a prophet of any kind; but behind his quiet manner and simple style one felt the glow of a divine fire. The genuineness of the man, his earnestness, his courage, his intellectual honesty, his spiritual passion won the day. The title of the course, "The Prophetic Ministry for Today," was characteristic of a teacher to

whom religion is a vision, but a vision to be worked out practically in business, politics, industry, and legislation, no less than in the lonely conflicts of the inner life.

Unfortunately, I was able to hear only the first lecture in the course, which was a composite portrait of the Christian ministry—a series of dissolving views in which the Hebrew prophet, the Hebrew priest, the apostolic administrator, and the Greek sophist or rhetorician were blended. As in every such photograph, one saw when he had finished dim traces of each type; but it was clear that the lecturer thought the prophet faith and spirit ought to be supreme. The priest, the executive, and especially the rhetorician, ought to be subordinate, a point which he emphasised with some rather sharp words about flowery eloquence.

Howbeit, no man can be a prophet fifty-two days in the year, no matter how brightly the fire burns. There are interludes of teaching and administration—what St. Paul called "helps and governments"—which often make passages of prose in the poetry of the ministry. There is also the danger, he said, that the running of wheels may finally run to wheels, and

a man meant to be a prophet ends by being the pastor of "The Church of the Holy Fuss," where the wheels go round but get nowhere. Once in the lecture he gave us a glimpse of the life of a bishop, which made all of us vow never to accept such an office—reminding one of the words of Bishop Gore when he resigned as Bishop of Oxford. In the preface to the volume in which the lectures now appear he makes the glimpse more vivid, confirming us in our resolution:

There is no motto more applicable to a modern Bishop than the text, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." He is a man "scattered and peeled," troubled about many things, distracted with various and often mutually variant occupations. He must be a man of affairs and many affairs. He is expected to fulfil many functions. He is primarily a business man, an administrator and executive. Particularly he is the "trouble man" of a large corporation. All the "church quarrels" gather about his devoted head. He has the responsibility for everything that goes wrong, often without the authority to set anything right. He serves as a lightning rod to carry off the accumulated wrath of the ecclesiastical heavens. He is constantly called on to act as judge and should have a judicial temperament.

He is also a "travelling man," a kind of ecclesiastical "drummer" or salesman. He is even sometimes in demand as a social ornament to say grace at banquets, make after-dinner speeches, adorn the stage at public meetings, and administer to the æsthetic needs of conventional society at fashionable weddings, baptisms and funerals. In the midst of it all he is expected to find time and mind to be a preacher and teacher, a scholar and leader, and above all a man of prayer and a man of God.

Two weeks later Bishop Williams preached in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine—that noble Home of the Soul slowly rising on the cathedral heights of New York City, about which James Lane Allen wove his lovely story, *The Cathedral Singer*. While waiting for the service to begin I found myself inquiring in the sanctuary in respect to two matters which weighed heavily upon my heart. What is the function of the cathedral in a democracy? Can it give our tangled modern world a common principle, a common passion, a common idea as it did the middle ages, when it sent the common man in his multitudes away to the crusades? Today we have no unifying principle to hold the world together. The

nations seem to be drifting apart, and the classes in each are falling asunder, lacking a common ideal, a common faith, and a common hope. Would not a common form of worship —not so rigid as to become a mere rote or rigmarole, but with a common rhythm, at once corporate and communal, bringing art to the service of faith—do something to evoke a sense of common fellowship and obligation, and help to heal the appalling spiritual loneliness and chaos in which we find ourselves? In a cathedral all kinds and classes of people, learned and unlearned alike, are touched by a sense of mystery and awe which, if only for a brief time, brings each into the presence of a Reality which makes all one in their littleness and longing. In the midst of my reverie the organ began, but, like the writer of the 73rd Psalm, some solution of my problem seemed possible under that high and hospitable roof of God.

It was a notable occasion, made so by the daring of the preacher, whose sermon quickly shattered my mediæval mood, by showing how many clamorous questions from the noisy world intrude into the peace of a modern cathe-

dral. The sermon provoked a heated discussion in the days following, as much for its rebuke of the hysteria and mob-mindedness of the moment when the Wilson-phobia was at its height, as for its castigation of certain reactionary influences seeking to capitalise an ugly mood for their own advantage. America was "seeing red," in a mood of mingled anger, hate and fear, actually having a cataleptic fit of terror at thought of a few radicals—like an elephant frightened at a mouse. It required some courage to speak plainly in face of such a mood, at a time when the pulpit seemed cowed and terrorised, and anyone who dared to dissent from the madness of the hour was branded as a bolshevist, a socialist, an anarchist, or some other thought-saving epithet. The bishop not only stood erect against the storm, but he spoke pointedly about the steel strike, the open-shop campaign, and the absurd intolerance of the moment. In particular, he denounced the "invisible government" of the privileged few which, he said, was seeking to control pulpit, as well as academic and legislative, utterances. At once there was an uproar, and *The Wall Street Journal* asked exasper-

atedly: "Was it the bolshevists or the business men who built and endowed the Cathedral of St. John the Divine?" The implication of such a question is that, since Big Business builds cathedrals, it has the right to dictate what is preached in their pulpits; and that is a fact worth knowing. The next Sunday the bishop-elect of New York preached in reply, deprecating the preaching of politics, as if a sermon in defence of the present order is not as much "political-preaching" as a sermon in criticism of it. The matter was taken up by the secular and religious press of the country, and both bishops got as many brick-bats as bouquets; but the issue was clearly drawn.

The bishop of Michigan thus stands before us as a man who provokes controversies, not only by virtue of the causes he champions, but also by the picturesque and pungent manner in which he states his message. He is indeed one of the outstanding and challenging figures of our American Christianity—manly, brotherly, democratic, fearless, sincere, utterly loyal to his Master and a lover of humanity—and if he receives many floggings at the hands of his

critics, he is wise enough to adopt the philosophy of the old couplet:

> Sticks and stones will break my bones,
> But words will never hurt me.

Happily he has a keen sense of humour which serves as a shield against the slings and arrows of his enemies, the while it makes him a charming companion; as when, albeit a single-taxer himself, he describes how an orator of that sect fixes you with his glittering eye, until he has proved that his scheme is a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, "even the measles"; or when, in an impish mood, he mimics the holy whine—what Dickens called "the Heavenly Father voice"—with which the curate intones the service. It does not matter that he is called a radical, a notoriety seeker, and an inciter of unrest; such things are a part of a prophet's reward. The chief fact about him is his profound earnestness, his fine sanity, and his vision of the religion of Jesus as practical fraternal righteousness. Yet even his friends have misgivings, at times, as to his methods, as witness these words of an able and high-minded journalist—words

the more remarkable when we remember that any working journalist sees enough of the seamy side of humanity to equip half a dozen cynics:

As a preacher the bishop is earnest, forceful, intellectually honest, and tremendously courageous, and he marshals his facts well. Yet, somehow, I have always thought of him as a social, political and economic leader, rather than as a churchman. He has the two fisted belligerence of the worldly advocate, rather than those spiritual refinements we are supposed to associate with the pulpit. Yet he may be right, and our laymen's point of view all wrong, as to what a church leader should be. I do not know. He finds religion in the city streets and shops and factories; it is not something to be spiritualised and saved up for use only on Sundays. Whether his idea of the Christian church be right or wrong, he lives up to it; and because of his attitude he is beloved by the labouring men of the city, and is either feared, simply disliked, or blindly hated by that element in his church which pays its pew rent by the year and is eminently respectable—ah, yes, respectable though the heavens fall! Being a member of that church I know something of their quaint philosophy, and I really think that some of them would rather lose their souls than the world's respect.

Yet, when I hear the bishop in church, I always feel that I would rather hear him as a great leader of worldly affairs, on the floor of the United States Senate for example. Morally and intellectually he holds me tight, but I have heard other men who could stir me more deeply spiritually. Or should I say emotionally? No doubt this feeling is due to generations behind me who held, as my father used to say, that the Episcopal church is a good one to belong to, because it never interferes either with politics or religion. On politics, economic and social issues the bishop has always been consistently liberal, sane, and sensible—sane, of course, because he agrees with me. From time to time radicals have tried to tie him up with their extreme proposals, but he has always avoided them. Personally I think this is his field, unless, after all, it is conceded that this is the field of the church. Either the church, as it is now organised, has outgrown its usefulness and the bishop is a pioneer in a new order of Christianity, or the church is right and he is wrong. Certainly they do not hitch, at least in their philosophic outlook.

Some of us would rejoice to see the bishop of Michigan in the United States Senate—nowhere is spiritual vision more needed; but does not the church have need of a robust, forthright, statesman-like leadership? Surely, if

Christianity is to be more practical, more socially-minded, less sectarian and more creative, and not simply "a device to give peace of mind in the midst of conditions as they are," such leadership is the first necessity. In short, if Christianity be the realisation of God and the practice of brotherhood, then Bishop Williams is both a pioneer and a prophet. Those who say that he is not "spiritual" mistake emotional pietism for spirituality, as if truth, justice, and brotherhood were less spiritual than the rhythm of a ritual or the devoutness of Lent! The bishop holds that brotherhood—by which he means practical brotherhood, not a vague, dreamy sentiment—is not merely a poetic gesture in the Gospel of Jesus, but a fundamental principle; and that it is the mission of the church not only to redeem individuals, but also to help create an environment in which men can live the life of the spirit. He thinks the salvation of the church lies in its becoming once more the church of the lowly, since it is more important to have small churches of earnest men and women, poor but godly, than large churches housed in magnificent edifices—if it is necessary to temper the

Gospel to the rich in order to gain their support.

Hence the cry of socialist, anarchist, bolshevist, and all the rest of the new vocabulary of profanity now in vogue, like jazz music. In olden times men threw stones at their prophets, but today they call names, finding abuse an easy substitute for the insight necessary to understand. The tragedy of our day is that we seem dead-locked between a narrow, selfish individualism on the one side and a visionary absurdity on the other, unable to find a fourth dimension. It so happens that Bishop Williams is not a Socialist at all, but a Christian teacher who finds in the gospel of Christ a way out of the dilemma. No one knows better than he that property, if honestly come by, represents moral values; and for that very reason it must be used in moral ways and for moral ends. It is not a question of the ownership of property, but of its moral and Christian use, modified by a sense of the common good, and, above all, by a sense of the sanctity of the human soul as the greatest and most precious of earthly realities. Therefore the bishop holds that Judge Gary has no right to cling to the twelve-

hour day in the steel mills, because it debases and brutalises human souls, destroying that holy thing which Christ came to seek and redeem. So long as the lives of men, women, and little children are ground up in the machinery of industry in order to make money, he insists that the church must speak out specifically, emphatically, insistently, and that to be silent or neutral is to betray the Master. In regard to these and other matters the bishop has his own way of speaking out, which he would hardly ask, expect, or encourage all his clergy to follow; and no one can deny that it is effective. Some of his sayings are very striking, and they hit the mark:

If the Lord in desperation—pardon the phrase—should say, "I will feed these downtrodden, starving children of mine," and rain brown bread and molasses upon the earth, it would do nothing to help the poverty of the world under our present system. It would merely raise the value of the land where the fall was heaviest.

We are soft and flabby because this is a day of self-indulgence. If a thing is agreeable, we do it. If it is disagreeable, we do not. This is the chief reason for the divorce problem.

Homes are wrecked, moral life is undermined, children are damned because "I was unhappy."

The habit of decision, of swift moral action is lost. In the business world, statutes are broken and moral laws are shattered, because "a man must get ahead." Any principle is sacrificed rather than make a failure, because a failure is unpleasant. We are devotees of the pleasant, the agreeable, the successful—the slaves of comfort. We are morally short of wind, worshippers of the god of ease; our moral discrimination is blurred.

My ancestry has been American for two hundred years; my family has fought in all the wars of the republic. I am not a bolshevik, parlor or otherwise. I am not a socialist, pink or white. As far as I can tell I am a plain, downright American. But I cannot stand this stage brand of 100 per cent Americanism that is up today. It is not Americanism. By the history of our nation, I call it Prussianism.

Our task is to make an imperfect Christian civilisation more Christian, but three kinds of impossibilists stand in the way. One is the blind individualist, the conventional Christian, who does not see the task at all. Another is the pessimist who resorts, as pessimists always do, to the apocalyptic and eschatological. He is the premillenarian. The third is the visionary idealist, the man with a panacea, with complete specifications of the heavenly city down to the last brick in the pavement.

There are lions in the way. There are difficulties and dangers and demands as you go forth into our prophetic ministry, but these are so many challenges and opportunities which make it the most glorious day in which men could be called to that ministry. Marcus Dodds once said, "I do not envy those who have to fight the battle of Christianity in the twentieth century. Yes, perhaps, I do, but it will be a stiff fight." And let me add, a stiff fight is what the true soldier of Christ loves.

If in this study I have laid less emphasis upon the teacher than upon his teaching, it is because he incarnates, as much by his office as by his insight, issues which will confront us increasingly in the days that lie ahead. The sum of his teaching, as well as the art which he employs, may be found in a book of sermons entitled, *A Valid Christianity for Today,* which, by any test, must be reckoned as one of the most virile and arresting volumes in the literature of the American pulpit. Some of its sermons—such as The Religion of Democracy, Dives and Lazarus, and The Supreme Value—are of enduring worth and power; they search our hearts like flames of fire. The mysticism of the book—for, as Phillips Brooks said, mys-

ticism is the heart of religion, without whose ever-beating life the hands of religion, which do the work, fall dead—is social as well as individual, and less contemplative than active. It is like the pity in the hearts of the medical students at Edinburgh, of which Dr. Brown wrote in a haunting passage; a pity, he said, which finds expression not in trembling tears and long-drawn sighs, but in clearer insight and a firmer and more skilful hand in healing the hurts of humanity. It is the vision of a man who sees that all life is sacramental, and that the Kingdom of God is a beloved community of noble men and women who do noble things together, making the service of man a ritual for the worship of God.

Even those who account themselves conservative—whether by nature or by grace—must surely thank God for the heroic ministry of Bishop Williams, both as prophet and statesman. If they do not always agree with his teaching or method, they ought to be ready to fight for his right to teach the truth as God gives him to see it with every art at his command—a right now challenged in his own communion—in behalf of a complete and com-

prehensive Christian witness in a sorely baffled world. St. James did not preach like St. John, nor did St. Peter and St. Paul always agree—each finding in the other things hard to understand—but together, by a fraternity of insight and experience, they expounded a profound and many-sided gospel, which, at last, will win all our various and imperfect tones into one sovereign harmony. This lesson is for us, reminding us that the Gospel of Jesus is deeper, richer and larger than our individual insight and emphasis; and, further, that though we have the eloquence of an angel and the zeal of a martyr, and have not brotherly love, we are as dead. God be thanked for a prophet-bishop! Long may he labour among us!

VII: A. Maude Royden

The story of how the greatest woman preacher of our generation was discovered and pushed into the pulpit, is after this manner. As had been anticipated both by myself and by the officers of the City Temple, it soon became plain that I must have a colleague in my work. Indeed, it had been so agreed before I landed in England, and as a condition of my acceptance of the Temple ministry. The strain of three sermons each week, with so many outside demands, had taxed the strength of a giant like Dr. Parker—who often enough "warmed over" old material on a Thursday—and it had nearly killed R. J. Campbell. Besides, invitations were pouring in upon me from all over the kingdom, and the City Temple people sympathised entirely with my plan for a larger ministry of interpretation between the two countries. But to find a colleague was no easy undertaking—so many preachers were

already at the war that churches had to double up.

Since England was at that time a world of women, and woman was entering upon a life new and strange and difficult, it seemed to some of us that if a great woman of genius could be found the problem would be solved. Such a thing could not have been done before the war without a hubbub of criticism, and it would have been denounced as a Yankee innovation. But the war had changed everything. Woman had been in revolt; now she was triumphant, the vote, about which there had been so much bother, having become a mere bagatelle to be taken for granted. She had shown her worth in the war, taking the place of man even in hard, heavy work. There was need of a woman of vision to interpret the new life of woman, its spiritual meaning no less than its obligations and aspirations, if only the right one could be found to meet the need.

Of women preachers there had been a few in England before, and many in America—from the days of Mary Livermore down—but on neither side of the Atlantic had any woman ever been chosen as a regular assistant in a

great city pulpit. Fearsome things were prophesied of so revolutionary an arrangement; even a few of the City Temple folk hesitated, much depending, as they said, upon the woman selected. Fortunately we found in Miss A. Maude Royden the woman exactly fitted by genius, by training, by temperament, and by courage to attempt a great work and do it. Yet, as a fact, though devout almost to asceticism, she had never tried to preach, and apparently had not thought of doing so, knowing, as a loyal daughter of the Church of England, that she would not be allowed to preach in her own communion. She did not know whether she could preach or not. Nor did we. Finally, not without misgiving and much persuasion, she agreed to try, and, as all now know, the attempt was brilliantly vindicated. The secular press welcomed the innovation with enthusiasm, and even the religious papers —with exceptions, of course, chiefly among the Anglican journals—accepted it as an inevitable "sign of the times," watching the experiment with interest and concern.

Sunday after Sunday large congregations gathered to hear Miss Royden, some drawn

by curiosity at first, but all remained to pray; and if the majority of her audiences were women, it was to be noted that many men in khaki found her preaching a blessing. Naturally, in private, I had to bear the brunt of criticism, in a flood of letters sometimes angry, and often ugly. Of course the words of St. Paul about women keeping silence in church were worn threadbare—so few knew what he meant—and the gibe of Dr. Johnson about a woman preaching being like a dog trying to walk on his hind legs, was not forgotten. More than one letter reminded me of the dictum of Montaigne that "women are hardly fit to treat on matters of theology"; and so it went, with much ridicule of "petticoats in the pulpit." One Anglican layman did, however, modify the saying of Henry Sidgwick for my benefit: "Of course, it's nonsense, but it's the right kind of nonsense." As often as I met the Bishop of London, his chief concerns seemed to be whether Miss Royden actually stood in the pulpit of the City Temple, and whether or not she wore a hat! It did not matter; I was content to let facts refute folly,

and Miss Royden soon made her place in what proved to be her rightful sphere.

The daughter of Sir Thomas Royden, Bart., formerly Lord Mayor of Liverpool, in a home at once high church and ultra Tory, Miss Royden was born to a life of wealth, luxury, and culture. Like Beatrice she might have said, "Then there was a star danced and under it I was born"; but it was a pilgrim star making her a pioneer, a radical, a reformer, a leader of unpopular causes. Unlike Beatrice, she did not feel the sadness of the world only when she was asleep; the more awake she was the more she felt it, though never in a way to becloud a spirit to whom joy was native, beauty a sacrament, and life an adventure and a challenge. She was educated at Cheltenham College, going later into residence at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, where she took honours in modern history. After some work done in the slums of Liverpool and in a midland country parish, she became the first woman lecturer under the Oxford University Extension scheme, her subjects being history and literature. Always her interest lay less with the classes than with the masses, where, as Dos-

toevsky, her favourite novelist, had shown, so much of divinity is to be found.

For some years Miss Royden devoted herself to the cause of the enfranchisement of women, and as editor of *The Common Cause,* she very soon won a place of leadership in the law-abiding suffrage movement. To a smaller public she was known as an original thinker, an expert in all matters relating to the life of woman and child—having much the same position in England that Miss Jane Addams has long held in America—and a writer in behalf of a new internationalism. Indeed, she was a pleader for all great human causes, but especially for a purer social life, based, not upon legalisms, but upon a higher standard, equal for men and women, in morals, health, and culture. Yet, during all those labours and agitations, she kept an inviolate altar in her heart—true to the church in spite of its laggard and reluctant interest in prophetic human enterprises—uniting the devotion of a saint with a flaming social passion, and keeping both in poise by a dauntless faith, a calm reasonableness, and a rich and sparkling humour.

Slight of figure, frail unspeakably, with a

limp in her gait, as an orator Miss Royden is unique in her simplicity—direct, forthright, winsome. She reminds me more of Frances Willard—"St. Frances, of Evanston," as I love to call her—than anyone I remember to have heard, albeit with more verve and fire. Rich, mellow, unfaltering, her voice is singularly revealing, her articulation perfect, and, without a trace of sentimentality, she speaks to the heart. There is no shrillness in her eloquence, no impression of strain, no affectation. She speaks with the exquisite ease of long practice, in a style more conversational than oratorical, and is more at home in an assembly where the people can answer back, whether on a chair at the street corner, or at a conference of a band of rescue workers, or wherever the common people foregather.

At first she was not at home in the pulpit of the City Temple, until she started an after meeting in which her hearers could have their say, discussing questions suggested by the sermon, or the problems of the religious life. Some of her epigrams are unforgettable in their quick-sighted summing up of situations, as when she said in the Royal Albert Hall, to

the horror of deans and bishops: "The church of England is the conservative party at prayer." One secret of her influence and power may be found in the faith thus confessed: "I am convinced that what I can see others can see, and nothing will persuade me that the world is not ready for an ideal for which I am ready." Untrained in theology—which some hold to be an advantage—she deals with the old issues of faith as an educated, spiritually-minded woman in sensitive contact with life, inspired by a lofty faith and guided by a sanctified common sense worth more than much dogma. She casts aside the "muffled Christianity" which Wells once described as the religion of the well-to-do classes, holding resignation to be "a detestable virtue," however canonical, if it means that worship is to be an opiate and the sermon a dose of soothing syrup. Not only stimulating but provocative—seldom provoking—it is no wonder that she shocked many of the staid, unco-respectable folk when she made her advent in the City Temple.

Nothing was plainer than that the best way for me to help Miss Royden was to let her be entirely free; and I did so. Usually we had

a conference once a month, or more often in case of emergency, and we never had but one difference of judgment—regarding sending a petition from the City Temple to the British government to lift the blockade, which, as an American citizen, I could not do, though I assured her she was free to denounce the blockade as she liked. Not the least important feature of the work of Miss Royden at the Temple, aside from the three services a month which she conducted, was what I called her "clinic"; that is, two or three days a week when she was in attendance at the City Temple, acting as guide, confidant and friend to hundreds of women, and as priest and confessor to not a few. Here she did what no man born may ever hope to do. Woman can comfort and counsel woman in a way unique. Tactful, large souled, wisely sympathetic, she entered deeply into the problems of those who consulted her, gaining a clear insight into the real needs of the modern soul astray in its own life—wistful, lonely, troubled, longing for an experimental sense of spiritual reality, yet only half willing to submit to the discipline of the quest. It meant much to young women bewildered by

perplexity, or broken by bereavement, to meet and take counsel with a woman like Miss Royden. And this ministry of conference and confession reacted, in turn, upon her preaching, making it peculiarly effective in meeting the issues, both spiritual and social, confronting present day womanhood.

There was a brief outcry of criticism when Miss Royden christened a child one Sunday—a service performed with such grace and impressiveness that it was not soon forgotten—but the critics were soon hushed. Personally I should have been glad to have had her administer the Lord's Supper, but she thought it best not to do so, lest it expose her to rebuke, if not to discipline, by the authorities of the Anglican church, to which she remained loyal, and some of whose leaders resented her ministry in the City Temple. Indeed, the Bishop of London actually inhibited her from conducting a Good Friday service in one of the city churches under his obedience, to the horror of multitudes of Christian people who felt that on that day, of all days, no voice of prayer should be hushed. It seemed to many that the Bishop—whose foresight is not abnormal—had

been wiser, if, instead of driving Miss Royden out of the church, to consort with feminists, intellectuals and social revolutionaries, he had set her the task of bringing them inside. But apparently he was more concerned about her hat than about what she was doing with the brains under her hat! Like John Wesley, she may remain all her days in the Anglican fold, but she will be there only in her private capacity, and her influence will be centrifugal.

At any rate, I gave a great woman a great opportunity, to which she measured up, vindicating once for all the possibilities of a woman of genius in the service of the Christian pulpit; and together we gave an example of that Christian unity of which we heard so much and saw so little. In short, the woman insight, the woman touch, the woman point of view were needed in the pulpit, as elsewhere, and her presence added to the City Temple ministry a hint of that beautiful thing which we feel in the Gospel of St. Luke. It was an honour to have a colleague so gifted and so gracious, and our fellowship was the more completely harmonious, no doubt, because each could do what the other could not do. As the war went on,

bringing a still further degradation of morals in respect to the relations of the sexes—an appalling letting down of the bars to the brute —more than one issue came up with which Miss Royden could deal in a manner impossible to any man. She showed how a woman of ethereal refinement and spirituality, while speaking plainly, can handle such delicate and difficult subjects as no man can handle them. An entry in my London Diary speaks for itself:

April 15, 1918:—When the question came up as to the *Maison-Tolerees*—that is, houses within the bounds of the British Army in which women were herded, under medical supervision, for the uses of the soldiery—I had a conference with Miss Royden, telling her that the problem was hers. She agreed, and the manner in which she has dealt with it is magnificent. Delicately, yet plainly, disguising none of the beastliness of it, she stated the case, and I have never seen such flaming wrath of outraged womanhood against the degradation of her sex! To those who defended the system—and I heard it defended in a group of Christian ministers!—after describing the tolerated house at Cayeux-sur-Mer, and denouncing the Government as a procurer in the practise of prostitution, she said: "To any

woman who believes the sacrifice to be necessary, I would say that she ought herself to volunteer! The men who urge regulated prostitution on grounds of national necessity, ought to invite their wives and daughters to fill the places left vacant by the women who are worn out! I use words that sear my heart, but as a woman in a Christian pulpit I cannot be silent in the presence of such an infamy!" Soon the Government began to wince under her attacks, and the abomination was abolished. Unfortunately the Archbishop did not get angry until after the victory had been won—then he denounced the horror in the House of Lords!

The ministry of Miss Royden at the City Temple—memorable in many ways—ended with my own, because she did not wish to embarrass my successor, and she feared that no British minister would work with her as I had done. In this she was happily mistaken. Later, she and Dr. Dearmer, of King's College, held services in the Kensington Town Hall with conspicuous success—he speaking in the afternoons, she in the evenings, to the vast audience which follows her wherever she goes. For a time she was a wanderer, a preacher to whom no church would open its doors—a strange

situation at a time when so many churches, both Anglican and Free, were empty! Finally an abandoned church was secured, and she and Dr. Dearmer have formed a Fellowship, to which many restless, forward-looking people are attracted—but, alas, ill health adds a handicap to one already frail. Whatever may be the future of Miss Royden, it was the City Temple that discovered her and gave her an opportunity equal to her powers. There, in a setting and service often described—never more vividly than by Archibald Marshall in his story, *The Greatest of These*—the dark little woman in the big white pulpit seemed in accord with the fitness of things; and her genius shone as a light of God in the cruel days of war, and the still more cruel days of rancour and reaction which followed.

VIII: Samuel McChord Crothers

A Nevada minister once described to me the action of a brother minister in the early days. The minister went to a certain town where he offended the lawless element, and was threatened with physical violence if he persisted in his intention of preaching. My friend described the method by which the liberty of prophesying was asserted. "He went into the pulpit, laid his revolver on the Bible—and then preached *ex tempore*."

The manner of narration savoured of the soil. The Honest Miner under the circumstances would subordinate everything to emphasis on the correct homiletical method. No matter how able the minister might be, it was evident that if he were closely confined to his notes, his delivery could not be effective.

These words from an inimitable essay, "A Community of Humourists," [1] show us the difference between the humour of the backwoodsman and that of the miner of the west—

[1] *The Pardoner's Wallet.*

whither Dr. Crothers went from Union Seminary, driven by an illness which required the high, clear air of the mountains. The humour of the pioneer consisted in a grave, grotesque exaggeration, while that of the miner is a delicate, deliberate understatement, like the considerate notice posted by the side of an open shaft: "Gentlemen will please not fall down this shaft, for there are men at work below." But the passage has a further significance more pertinent to the matter in hand. As a fact, so I have been told, it was after some such fashion —happily without a threat of violence or the need of a revolver—that Dr. Crothers himself learned that he could preach without manuscript or notes; a discovery which added a whole dimension to his power as a preacher.

The story, as it was told me on good authority, ran somewhat after this manner. It was the first Sunday the young theologue ever appeared in a pulpit, and, supposing that he was to have but one service on that day, he prepared only one sermon. The sermon was carefully written and apparently got itself preached without mishap; but to his amazement, during the morning service he was asked to announce

a second service in the evening at which he was to be the preacher. As the afternoon was taken up with engagements, and he had no time to prepare, he was obliged to preach off-hand, so to speak; and he did it with such ease and joy that he has never used manuscript since. It was a fortunate circumstance, and one often wishes that something of the sort might happen—as in the case of the prophet of Nevada, who dared not take his eyes off his audience lest he be shot—compelling all preachers to speak freely, frankly, and directly concerning the things that matter most.

The passage quoted above has a still further significance, as showing the wide experience Dr. Crothers has had of America, and especially of the west, which he has interpreted with so much insight and understanding. If asked where the west begins, he would answer that it begins "at that point where the centre of interest suddenly shifts from the day before yesterday to the day after tomorrow." No one knows America, he insists, until he has been touched by the fever of the west; and one who has felt that fever never completely recovers, but is always subject to intermittent

attacks. Indeed, his life in Nevada and his ministry in Minnesota qualify him to write that psychological-geography of "The Land of the Large and Charitable Air," which he suggests in an essay of that title. Hence a chapter on "The Lure of the West" in the best book ever written in interpretation of Emerson [2] — the best in its appreciative discrimination, and because it treats the Sage of Concord not as an oracle, but as a comrade and "contemporary"—who did "more than any one else to redeem the New England group of authors from the kind of provincialism which was their darling sin." Like Emerson, he knows the robust, prophetic idealism of the west, and loves it the more because it is still pushing its way up through the hearty, wholesome materialism of a new country; and so long as America keeps these two things together, it will not go far astray.

Such is the background of the ministry of Dr. Crothers to one of the most thoughtful and cultured congregations in New England, in the old First Parish of Cambridge—where not a little of the old provincialism which Emerson

[2] *Emerson, How to Know Him.*

sought to correct is still to be found. There, in a church mellow with history, in a setting exquisite in its simplicity—colonial in aspect and arrangement—I heard Dr. Crothers preach not far from twenty years gone by. The atmosphere and impression of that hour are still vivid in my heart, and still more the radiant and benignant personality of the preacher—his grave, quiet manner, his deliberate delivery, his chaste and limpid style, his sly humour, his lofty and logical thought. At this distance I do not recall the text, but his theme was "Three Ancient Types of Religion," the priest, the prophet, and the philosopher; and he seemed to me to be a compound of all three. It so happened that I was in the first glow and enthusiasm of my discovery of Emerson, and I felt as King Herod must have felt when he heard of the preaching of Jesus, and thought he was John the Baptist returned from the dead. Indeed, all through the sermon I felt almost as if I were listening to Emerson—not that Dr. Crothers was an echo of the sage, or even a disciple, but he had the same wise and serene elevation of thought. So much was this true that I have hesitated to describe the

impression of that day, fearing that the two men were blended, if not blurred, in my mind, like a dissolving view. But since reading his book on Emerson—in which we see how much the two have in common, and in what ways they differ—I am not sure that I was so far wrong, after all; and my faith is confirmed by a letter from a great and wise man who has attended the First Parish church for many years:

The study of Dr. Crothers as a preacher presents an interesting problem; for, in the ordinary sense of the word, he is not a preacher. He uses no hortatory eloquence, or application of his theme; nothing of the "Finally, my brethren," or "O my dear friends." He simply delivers himself of a thought, and lets it have its own way. In the details of parish affairs he is very childlike, and the simplest notice is a stumbling block to him. He is but slightly interested in the enrichment of worship, or its technical details. On the other hand, when he passes to the development of his thought, he is the finest master of logical and convincing speech I ever knew. With no shred of manuscript, and no appearance of effort, his sermon advances up the heights of insight and power with extraordinary continuity and force. In other words, he is at his

best when his thought is most elevated, and least effective when dealing with ordinary affairs. He is the lineal descendant of Emerson in the pulpit, directing a transparent stream of purifying thoughtfulness. Such a method removes him altogether from the position of a model for other preachers. An earlier generation of Unitarian ministers ran much risk of being spoiled by using a method which is described as "Emerson and water." To imitate Crothers without his genius for lucidity would be a hopeless task. He is as much alone in the pulpit as Emerson is in literature. The consequences of this kind of ministry are, however, instructive. It is generally recognised in his parish that he cannot be depended upon as a mechanic or organiser. Accepting his inspiration, others do the work of organisation, and his church has become distinguished for its multifarious undertakings of social service. In other words, the wheels go round because there is a quietly moving and powerful engine among them, like the Living Creatures among the wheels, whom Ezekiel saw.

Unfortunately, for the purposes of this article, Dr. Crothers is more widely known as an essayist than as a preacher; and he can never be really known as a preacher save by those who hear him. His sermons, as we read them, are essays—like most sermons in the Unitarian

ministry to which he belongs—that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet Emerson:

A new commandment, said the smiling Muse,
I give my darling son, Thou shalt not preach.

But his essays are often sermons, and good ones, too, such as "The Cruelty of Good People," or the chapter in his study of Emerson entitled "Spent the Day at Essex Junction." A more helpful sermon than that chapter it would be hard to name, teaching us that we must learn how to find fulness of life everywhere, anywhere, even in "a place on the way to somewhere else." But the reason why one must hear Dr. Crothers in order to know him as a preacher is that his sermons are seldom, if ever, printed as they were delivered. Often there is as much humour in his preaching as in his essays, but the sermons are revised by him from the report of the stenographer, and he edits the humour out. This is matter for regret, not only because humour has a place in religion, but because the humour of Dr. Crothers is unique, blending the elusive smile of Emerson, the whimsical wisdom of Lamb,

and the inverted exaggeration of the Honest Miner, with many ingredients all his own. Anyway, his printed sermons hardly give an adequate idea of the impression made upon his hearers. How he prepares his sermons some of us would like to know, just as we should like to know what use he makes, in these arid days, of a certain fund left to the First Parish by a benevolent saint of long ago, intended "to supply the minister with tobacco and rum." Of course, a man who has access to *The Pardoner's Wallet* enjoys obvious advantages; but the matter excites curiosity.

Almost thirty years have now come and gone since Dr. Crothers published his first volume of sermons, entitled *Members of One Body,* which happily may still be had. It was made up of a series of Sunday evening addresses during his ministry at St. Paul—when he was a kind of bishop of the northwest, starting new centres of liberal faith at Duluth, St. Cloud, and as far as Helena—dealing with the different types of the religious life, Catholicism, Calvinism, Methodism, Rationalism, Mysticism, and a final address on "The Unity of Christendom." Even in those early days he

was master of the same lucid style, and had the same large outlook in which many apparently contradictory qualities were joined—breadth and depth, rationalism and mysticism, catholicity and missionary zeal, the wisdom of a philosopher and the ardour of a reformer. A more sincere appreciation of the great qualities of the Roman church it would be hard to find; and so of the other types, his plea being for men of the spirit who are co-operatively minded, which requires them to get rid both of narrowness and fastidiousness. Toleration is not enough; there must be insight, understanding, appreciation. We must not simply live and let live, think and let think; we must learn that the devout life is everywhere the same, "flowing underneath the thickest ice of theory," if we try to discern and understand. What is greater than any one of our sects? All of them! Our very recognition of the truth which each contains should make us realise how fragmentary each is. As we may read:

When we assume this attitude, we begin to see through all its variations of thought the essential unity of Christianity. The most opposite types have points of kinship. Each of

them is aiming to get beyond sectarian narrowness, and to build a universal church. They agree as to their ideals: they disagree as to their way of reaching them. . . . How may this unity be practically realised? I have little hope in any external power that shall compel uniformity. I think such external union under present conditions neither desirable nor practicable. When we read that different competing firms have united their interests in one great trust, we expect very soon after to find a modest item in the papers to the effect that this trust has taken measures to limit production. And, were all the churches of Christendom united in one church, the next move would be to repress the liberty of prophesying. If we cannot have liberty and union, we must cling ever to liberty. But I am one who believes that through the most perfect liberty will come at last the most perfect unity.

There is no power in any sect or church that can prevent that largeness of sympathy which every man of true religion exercises. I like the good old New England puritan who, when he was excommunicated by the church, refused to stay excommunicated. We read that for twenty years the good man came every communion Sunday, and brought with him a bit of bread and bit of wine of his own, and there, in the safety of his high pew, communed with the church, in spite of the deacons. When a man brings his own communion with him, who

can prevent? Whether we shall enjoy the communion of saints depends on ourselves. The best that belongs to Calvinism and the best that belongs to Romanism is mine, if I seek it. The fellowship of the spirit, which is the only fellowship that one need care to obtain—this fellowship is ours, if we will.

From heart to heart, from creed to creed,
The hidden river runs.

A second volume of sermons, entitled *The Understanding Heart,* appeared ten years later—he has published but two, though many of his sermons may be had in pamphlet form—yet one would not know that it is a volume of sermons at all. There are no texts to tell us so. There is none of the urgency or appeal that goes with preaching; no exhortation, no fervour of evangelism, such as we find in Theodore Parker. It is a book of essays for the elect, who know that the problems of the understanding heart are educational, and that only so can we readjust our thought and faith to the facts of a growing, but friendly, universe. How may our religious inheritance be harmonised with our fresh experiences? How may the institutions which have purely spiritual ends be adjusted to those which serve our ma-

terial welfare? How may we at the same time live according to the rules of sound reason and according to the inspirations of religious faith? Such questions are discussed with fruitful insight, a gentle and revealing wisdom, and a grace of form which marks all his work. The readjustment must not be merely formal, but must come through the multitudes of men and women doing their work with joyous and confident intelligence, following the new developments as well as recording the old—organising the religion of freedom, as of old men organised the religion of authority.

However, it is an error if I have left the impression that Dr. Crothers lives aloft, writing exquisite essays in an ivory tower, aloof from the interests and agitations of his age. Not so. If to many he seems to live apart, his very detachment gives him a clearer perspective, and more than once in his own communion he has relieved the tension as much by his wisdom as by his humour. Some years ago when John Haynes Holmes proposed, in a brilliant speech, to commit the Unitarian church to a definite programme of reform, it was Dr. Crothers who made protest, not against reform,

but against tying the church to particular schemes. It was a picturesque occasion, and while he had to pay the penalty of being a man of humour, his triumph was due to sound sense. His protest was in behalf of freedom, and against any kind of coercion—whether by conservative or radical—and wisdom was on his side. First find your dogma, and then adapt yourself to it—such was the archaic method. It does not work theologically, and he did not believe it would work sociologically either. In other words, he did not want a new sectarianism for the old, but freedom in the largest, fullest sense—liberty of prophesying, and "the liberty of not believing more than half the prophet says." He said that if he had been in Jerusalem when Jeremiah proposed to let Nebuchadnezzar punish the nation as the scourge of God, he would have voted against him. The kind of prophets he likes are "prophets that have some sense, and a prophetic fervour behind"; as if any age ever regarded its prophets as sensible! In the same address he said:

A year or two ago a revivalist came to Boston preaching the new evangelism. The min-

isters met together and had daily meetings to stir the conscience of Boston, to bring again the old sense of sin. He was a good preacher. As a practical application of his preaching, the evangelist said to the business men who had come to the noonday meetings, "Let us go and march in a procession to find and save the sinners." Where do you think they went? They went up into the North End of Boston. A gentleman coming out of the meeting said to me, "That ends my interest in it: why did they not go on State street?" The ethical questions of today are like the ethical questions of the time when slavery was a source of revenue to good people. They go deep, sometimes they touch your interests and mine, and earnest men know that full well. Every attempt to found a church today on glittering generalities, where the preacher does not dare to follow to its practical and necessary issues the religion of the present generation, has no future: it has no interest for the young. . . . I believe these are great days, interesting days for the young men who are about to enter the ministry—men of clearness, of sagacity, of patience, of common sense, all mixed up with a great sense of humour. If they are patient enough and do not allow things to get too much on their nerves, they are going to win out.

Some think Dr. Crothers is at his best in his Harvard lecture on *The Endless Life,* if only

because he has described once for all that of which—when the clouds are off our souls—we dare assert immortality. There he moves in a realm of moral and spiritual values, where his calm and clear insight shines like a friendly beacon. The future life, at once the polar expedition of philosophy and the polar star of faith, becomes in his hands a quest of the quality of life which reveals its own eternity. For him the final assurance is "the confidence of the simple man who stands in his integrity undaunted by death"; and while he does not profess to see "the lights o' Dover," he leaves us confident, but not curious—knowing that all is well because man brings down to the Gate of the Mist something that ought not to die.

IX: T. Reaveley Glover

In August, 1918, while waiting for a steamer to take me to America on a speaking tour, I heard six of a series of eight sermons by Dr. Glover at Westminster Chapel. He was preaching at the Chapel for a month, Dr. Jowett being away on a holiday, and the theme of his series dealt with "Jesus in the Experience of Men." Since that time he has written a book under the same title, as a sequel to his *Jesus of History;* but the sermons were different from the chapters of the book when it appeared. In some ways they were better than the book, one of them, for example, being in the form of a story, telling how the first statue of Jesus as the Good Shepherd was carved. They were not lectures, but preaching of a very real kind, at once stimulating and searching. It was interesting to study the congregations, many of whom were ministers —most of them on holiday, like myself—and all eager to hear Dr. Glover. It is always so,

whenever and wherever he speaks. In my diary I find the following entry recalling those summer days:

August 12, 1918:—Whether I get a steamer or not does not much matter, so long as Dr. Glover preaches at the Westminster Chapel. His series of sermons on the Jesus of Experience will make as rich a book as his studies of the *Jesus of History*. A layman who is a Doctor of Divinity, an orator with an atrocious elocution, he is a scholar who knows more than the law allows any one man to know. At times his manner suggests a professor in a classroom, but he is a truly great preacher—simple, direct, earnest, with no thought other than to make clear his vision of Jesus in the lives of men. Rarely have I heard sermons so packed with forthright thinking and fruitful insight. There is ripe scholarship without pedantry and noble eloquence without oratory. Perhaps the outstanding impression is a fresh, vivid sense of reality, as of one who is looking straight at the truth he is talking about. He "speaks things," as Cromwell would say. Vital faith and fearless thinking are joined with a conviction of the genuineness of the man, and his knowledge of Jesus in his own experience. He dodges no issue, no fact, no difficulty, and his knowledge of the social, intellectual and spiritual world in which Jesus lived, and in which the church began her morning march,

is extraordinary. He has a curious power of taking us back into those times. There are many ministries, but one Spirit. Some are prophets, some evangelists, some teachers. Dr. Glover is a great teacher of the truth as it is in Jesus.

The first sermon of the series was preached on August 4th, the anniversary of that dark day, four years before, when England entered the war. Memories of that great decision, thoughts of its meaning, its cost in blood and sorrow, filled all our minds; and instead of the morning prayer Dr. Glover talked to us out of a full heart, in the gentle words which men use when they speak of such matters. What is the meaning of this "long-lived storm of great events?" he asked. What difference has it made? It is the task of the church, if it is to be the priest of God to the nation, to trace and measure the reactions of events in the deeper life of the people. How does it stand today in that inner life of thought, of motive, of faith, down where "the shell-burred cables creep?" The Bible, and especially the Old Testament, is a record of the reactions in the life of a nation to the terrible deeds of God.

The Assyrian army lives in the inner life of man, because through its movements the soul of Isaiah was given new reach and range of vision. When Titus destroyed Jerusalem he released into the world a new Israel, the church of Christ. Acts which absorb the minds of men at the moment live afterwards chiefly in the literature of the soul. Will it be so today? Surely he who awakened the soul of Israel through the march of the Assyrian host, has some word to speak in this terror and tumult. Who will read for us the new and living Word of God, written in the facts and events of the day? Are there elect souls who can hear for others the still small voice speaking in the storm? Then he asked all to join in the Lord's Prayer, as alone adequate to upbear the thoughts and yearnings of the hour. Never have I heard that brief, grand prayer so surcharged with feeling, lifting a troubled people into the fellowship and consolation of God.

The sermon which followed had two texts—1 Cor. 2:8, and Heb. 8:8—portraying Christ the same yesterday, today and forever, in contrast with the phantasmagoria of "world-rulers of the darkness" which haunted the

ancient world. In *Paradise Lost* we see that dæmon world, "thrones, dominions, principalities and powers," in its most glorious form, but we do not realise how real and terrifying it was to the ancient mind. To us all that history of war in the spirit sphere is a dim, shadowy mythology, but to the men of that day it was real, proven by long belief, and confirmed by the best and most catholic of philosophic thinkers. Indeed, it was more real than Jesus. He, and not the dæmon dominions, was the doubtful element. For us the whole thing has vanished, like the baseless fabric of a dream. We do not believe it. We think no more of it, neither about Satan, nor his hosts. But if the legend of spirits at war was a part of the early Christian faith, what becomes of Jesus? Is he going too, along with the rest of the strange tales, to take his place among the old imaginings? No; Jesus abides and grows, first, because he is rooted in historic fact, as actual and well attested a figure in history as any one of us. Men knew him, saw him, spoke with him. He was as definitely historical as Cæsar himself. Second, he abides

because, even today, he is more real than any of us, revealed in the depth, intensity, and fulness of his experience both of the dark facts of life and of the reality of God. Further, he abides because he is still unexhausted; because the race has not yet used to the full his experience of life and his intuitions of God. There is no example in history of a great personality putting a lesson to the world and passing away before the lesson is learned to the very end, and transcended. So far from transcending Jesus, we are still far, very far, behind him. The closing passages of the sermon were memorable, as much for their vital insight as for the quiet, compelling earnestness of the preacher; so much so that, looking toward the pulpit, we saw no man but Jesus only.

So far as I understand these modern times in which we live, religion is only possible to the modern man along the lines of Jesus Christ. For you and me there are no other religions. Of course, there are people who play at being Buddhists and Hindus; and we may wonder what the reflective Buddhist and the reflective Hindu think of them. All sorts of poses are adopted by men and women, but serious

thinkers do not pose, and any man who comes to grips with history and philosophy knows that Buddha and Mohammed and the Hindu sages are not for us. It is Jesus or nobody, and we have not exhausted what he has to say. The plain fact is that God for Jesus, God in Jesus, is an unexplored treasure still; and for us, apart from Jesus, God is little better than an abstract noun; and, as I grow older, I find abstract nouns of less and less use. Let us put it this way. If we spoke straight out we should say that God could not do better than follow the example of Jesus. That means that Jesus fulfils our conception of God, but that is not enough. He is constantly enlarging our idea of God, revealing great tracts of God unsuspected by us. God interpretable in and through Jesus is unexhausted by you and me. That means that Jesus is going to stay.

I have not touched the fourth point yet, which is less theoretical than any of the others. There are about us hundreds of men and women who have found that in the terrible business of keeping level with life in the more terrible business of fighting one's character through to something like decency, Jesus is still a dependable factor. We are not dealing with propositions in the air; we are dealing with Someone to whom we can go and say, "Come and help me," and he does. If some of the psychologists will not quite let us say that, they must concede that we find help when we bring him in. In

other words, where you touch Jesus you touch the real still. Is not that true? Do you not know men and women who have been remade by Jesus Christ? In your own lives, too, you know that help that Jesus has been and is. The fact that you can depend upon him, that you can utilise him, means that he stays.

My last point is this: If all this is so, do not we feel again the importance of keeping the gaze fixed upon him? That beautiful verse in Hebrews speaks of "Looking away and fixing the eyes upon Jesus"—keeping full in the forefront, not a theological figure, but the real, one, true, vivid Jesus; yesterday and today the same, and forever; tender, intelligent, sympathetic, wonderful, available; just the kind of Jesus to whom people went with every sort of trouble, lost children, the storm at sea, all sorts and kinds of things; the Jesus who could be interrupted by mothers with little children; and like it; the Jesus who took his friends away and lay under the trees with them when they were tired; the Jesus who knew their problems and helped them. Let us remember in all our thinking that Jesus in glory—and I do not know much about glory—is the same, and is to be interpreted by those stories of his life which we know so well in the gospels, and that he is not more inaccessible now than he was then, but better proved, better attested, better known, and more available for you and me. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

Of course the volume discussing *Jesus in the Experience of Men,* as we now have it, contains much more than the eight sermons delivered in Westminster Chapel. All the sermons were recast and extended, losing much in essay form, and the story of the Good Shepherd was omitted entirely—much to my regret.[1] Six other chapters were added, none more arresting than the one entitled "The Compromising Church," in which we hear a layman speaking very plainly about the narrowness and cowardice of the church. The complaint of educated people, he says, is that the church, for all its talk, is unsympathetic with progress

[1] In a later book, entitled *The Pilgrim,* made up of various articles and sketches, I am glad to see that Dr. Glover has included the story of the Good Shepherd, referred to above. Somehow, in spite of its richness of thought and insight, *Jesus in the Experience of Men* does not have the same satisfying appeal as *The Jesus of History* did. A young English minister states the matter briefly in a letter: "The simple, searching style of sentence is missing for the most part; there is a hesitancy of thought, a subconscious bewilderment, as though the subject was too great to handle—as indeed it is, since the whole world could hardly contain the books that could be written on such a theme. Dr. Glover, as historian, describes the world with the light of the Master's presence around him; but he fails when he turns to describe the light itself. The reader has the feeling that he is being led to a new focus of experience, but when he has finished the book he is still waiting for the promise which the writer holds out. Yet there are sentences that stick in the mind: 'The death of Jesus lit up the heart of God': 'The stars themselves move on the lines of Jesus': 'Prescribed thinking is proscribed thinking.'"

and with intellectual advance. It is mistrustful of art, and afraid of science and socialism; it clings to out-of-date scholarship and pre-Christian psychology, and presses philanthropy without economics and missions without anthropology. So far from representing Jesus to the world, it has made him odious to the intelligent mind. He does not mince matters in denouncing the alliance of English religion with special privilege, and its economic orthodoxy. Its weak spot has always been its uncertainty what to make of Jesus, and its unwillingness to obey him. "Its associations tainted with capitalism; its creed mere jargon —what is to help the church?" he asks. Still, he has faith in the church triumphant—when the church has dropped its reluctance to take Jesus seriously, when it believes he means what he says, and when it is willing to believe that Jesus and truth will prevail.

Such is the preaching of a great layman, who is also a great scholar, a historian of authority, and the Public Orator of the University of Cambridge. Even these excerpts from a single sermon show how real and vital his preaching is. There is hardly any man now living from

whom preachers may learn more, except in his manner of delivery, and that is soon forgotten in the vividness of his insight and appeal. Few men unite as he does those three rarest of gifts, accurate knowledge, the ability to describe what he knows as if it were a new discovery, and to do so in words which anybody can understand. One of the greatest of living scholars, he is the least bookish of men, and the learned and the unlearned alike hear him gladly. His amazing knowledge never obscures the freshness of his vision. The Life of Jesus loses much of its power by sheer familiarity; we know it so well that we hardly know it at all. But when Dr. Glover writes of the Jesus of History, the old, old story is so real, so living, that we seem almost to be listening to it for the first time. Arnold says that Gray doubled his force by his style. The same is true of Dr. Glover, whose style is as lucid, as virile, as direct as his thought, and withal rich in rhythm and colour, with now a flash of crimson and now a gleam of gold. Above all, he bases himself on experience; in all his preaching the emphasis falls on fact that can be tested and relied on. No man can hear him without

feeling that he is dealing with realities, and that he will not go an inch beyond what he sees to be verifiable and true.

There are those who say that the preaching of Dr. Glover, and his religious thinking in general, is too individualistic. It is a strange criticism to one who knows his writings, as, for example, his Angus lectures on *The Christian Tradition and its Verification,* in which his appeal, as always, is to the Christian experience of the ages, communal and cumulative, as against the errors of individual insight. Better still, because in briefer form, is the Swarthmore lecture on *The Nature and Purpose of a Christian Society:* a little gem, worth its weight in gold. When asked why, in a lecture delivered to a Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, he took such a turn, he said that he did it deliberately and of set purpose, in order to appeal to the experience of the historic church; whereas the Quaker differentia is, for the most part, an appeal against the historic church, "the apostasy," in fact, to quote George Fox. For, he added, "I believe that any real light that comes to man from God, directly or indirectly, will be confirmed by the light that

comes to others from him. It is for some such reason that I appeal to the experience of the historic church." As a study of the experience of the church, its creative fellowship, the type of character and quality of personality it has produced, as well as the body of truth which has been, and remains, its unique treasure, it would be hard to name another little book like it.

However, it is with Dr. Glover the preacher —not the scholar, the historian, or the literary critic—that we have now to do; doubly so because he is a layman, and ministers need to know what kind of sermons a great layman preaches. As a further example, and one showing not only the depth and simplicity of his faith, but also his skill in direct appeal, in the use of familiar language, and his habit of avoiding the set phrases of theology, let us take one of the noblest sermons of which I have any knowledge, entitled "Why Jesus is My Master." Five reasons are given for his willingness to be called a "slave" of Jesus. Being a man of modern education—critical, hesitating, sceptical—he finds that intellectually Jesus is the clearest and sincerest Teacher that

man has. It does not matter that he lived long ago. It is not the date, but the depth that counts, and Jesus went to the bottom of things once for all. The lucidity of his moral vision is only equalled by his faith in man. Indeed, he is the only teacher who really offers any hope for humanity, any way out of the pit of personal and social sin. What is more to the point, he not only has hope for man, but he has the power to pick us up and set us on our feet when we slip and fall into the mire. His magic of personality, and his skill in making and leading men, compel his abject surrender and devotion.

Who is the leader that you want to find? What sort of a spirit? How does he handle men? You know the difference between one man and another; how one may steal a horse and the other may not look over the hedge. Why? Because it is he that takes the horse; it is just him. That is not grammar perhaps, but it is human experience. What is it about him? somebody asks. I do not know, but it is in him. Here is a story—a true one. It comes from Italy, from one of the great periods of Garibaldi. He had conquered Sicily for Italy, he had conquered a large part of the Neapolitan kingdom on the mainland, and was

held up on a river. A well-known Englishman drifted into the camp, and while strolling about came upon a soldier in rags. The terms in which Garibaldi enlisted his men were these: he paid them nothing, he gave them no clothes, he gave them no food, and if they looted the Italians he shot them. The Englishman got to talking with the boy in rags about the situation. Yes, he was depressed. He said: "The other day, as I was sitting here on the hill, I was wondering how long I could stand it, or whether I would go, desert. Things had got so far, then he came by. I had never spoken to him. But he saw me and came up to me, and clapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Courage, tomorrow we shall fight for our country!' Do you think I could go after that?"

Now, what is that? We call it personal magnetism. I do not know quite what that means; it is just a long way of saying, "It's him." That is the reason why Jesus enlists people to stand with him. There is something about him that, as you get to know him, makes it impossible to have anything but enthusiasm for him. The more you know of him the more He is. The great regret of a Christian man is that he has not served him enough; that he has not more to give him. That is the experience of the Christian church. It is always the Person: the highest thing we can guess of God, his personality. And here is one who comes into our midst, a person full of power

and charm. He takes our lives and makes good things out of them. He takes our temptations and beats them down under our feet. He forgives our sins; he restores us; goes with us, loves us and is ours. Do you wonder why men and women want to be called the slaves of Jesus Christ?

I want to put this to some of you: Can you face up to what he is? Can you see what he has done for men? What he has made of men, what he has enabled them to do, the way in which he has used them for the everlasting happiness and betterment of the race? Can you see that and say, "I do not think he has anything for me?" He has, and that is the gospel; that he who enlisted others, charmed them, kept them, used them, is going to enlist you, and he is going to do with you more than you dream. How old are you? Eighteen? Forty? Fifty? There is no telling what Jesus Christ can do with a man or woman once they have surrendered. What I urge is that you surrender to him. That is all.

X: S. Parkes Cadman

In writing about Dr. Cadman, even if one shares his breadth of sympathy, one craves something of his rare gift of insight and characterisation; the more because he is so baffling to all analysis. He admires widely, and with catholic appreciation; he can praise both Lacordaire and Gipsy Smith, and is as much at home with Newman as with Wesley. At once generous and discerning, dynamic and gentle, he is so many-sided, so fertile, so amazing in his activities, and withal so human and lovable, that he puzzles any artist because he is so unlike any model. The spaciousness and majesty of his thought, the swiftness and felicity of his delivery, the enchantment of his personality, leave one with a sense of dismay. Some years ago an English friend, having heard Dr. Cadman at Whitefield's in the morning and Dr. Gunsaulus at the City Temple in the evening, confided to me his impressions:

Two of your prophets held central citadels in "ye olde London town" today, much to our edification. They differ as much from each other in type as do the men whose pulpits they occupied, Horne and Campbell; but both are princes of the invisible. Cadman is not an impressive figure in the pulpit—until he begins to speak. Then the whole man lights up. His voice has some unusual tone qualities and rare carrying power. Sturdy, broad of shoulder, with close-cropped brown hair touched with grey, he is as decisive in movement as he is direct in speech. He speaks, through his whole personality, of energy and intellect. His closely knit argument, his still more closely knit sentences, finely phrased but delivered with passionate rapidity, overwhelm by the power of reason at white heat. An excerpt is like an amputation. A note directly opposite, but not opposed, is struck by Gunsaulus, who is an impressionist artist in words, relying more on illustration and colour. The sermon of Cadman was that of an architect producing a splendid effect as a whole by infinite attention to detail. Gunsaulus is a man of large, strong gesture, of lyrical speech, in which a haunting voice and poetic thought blend to win by beauty rather than compel by power. He is dramatic rather than argumentative. Something of the crooning magnetism of Gipsy Smith is tempered in him by a large and rich culture. Cadman revealed throughout his extraordinary

power of literary phrasing, and if the impression he makes is more intellectual than spiritual, it is both virile and challenging. America is happy in having two men of such rare gifts, one on the eastern seaboard and the other in the Middle West.

Unfortunately, Dr. Cadman has published no volume of sermons, so far as I am aware;[1] and one must depend upon newspaper reports—especially those in the *Brooklyn Eagle,* which is in fact a great pulpit with one Amen Corner in New England and the other in Florida, with the Rocky Mountains for a gallery. For a long time, though I had heard Dr. Cadman lecture, I knew him as a preacher only in his reported sermons, and that is hardly to know him at all, since there is so much in the personality of the man—Rooseveltian in its

[1] One does not forget his brilliant volume of lectures, *Charles Darwin and other English Thinkers;* as valuable for its portrayal of the background and setting of the men studied, as for its analysis of their thought. Some of us think *The Three Religious Leaders of Oxford* the best bit of work Dr. Cadman has done, showing his powers put forth at full stretch on themes congenial to his mind and heart. No one may ever hope to find a more satisfying study of Wesley, the wonder of whose life remains as baffling as it is fascinating—as if Benjamin Franklin had become the greatest evangelist since St. Paul. Dr. Denney, in his *Letters,* renews our amazement, but does not solve the riddle of it. If Dr. Cadman leaves the mystery of Newman unsolved, it is because no one can unravel it until the secrets of all hearts are known.

energy, enthusiasm, and winsomeness—that does not find its way into print. So it was nothing short of a revelation when I went for the first time to Central Church—the "Tin Church," as it is called in Brooklyn—taking with me a discerning friend who boasts his ability as a sermon-taster, and not without good reason, for he listened to Beecher for fifteen years.

The Church was full, though not crowded; the audience for the most part middle-aged people, and the men were in the majority—hard-headed business and professional men apparently. The service was planned and conducted by a man who is not simply a preacher, but a minister, and in the highest and best sense a sacramentarian; sane enough to achieve richness of worship without too much ritual—just as he is wise enough to be liberal yet evangelical in faith. There was about the man, as Carlyle would say, somewhat of the Eternal. When he began the sermon one felt that he regarded the sermon as also a sacrament, not a rostrum for a reputation but an opportunity to lead men to God; and that he loves men too well to lead them anywhere else. There he stood,

a stockily-built figure, the very embodiment of mental efficiency and spiritual sanity, reminding me of a passage in a book of science describing the quality called vigour, which is evidently something more than strength, something more than health; a capacity for living intensely, yet without any loss of balance, a power of expending energy lavishly yet without ceasing to have plenty in reserve, an ability to resist strain and to defy fatigue. It implies being ever ready for great exertions and yet having staying power.

The sermon was entitled "Treasures in Christ"—Col. 2:3—and it was no haphazard affair, but a real work of homiletic art, orderly in arrangement, exquisite in language, apt in illustration; but its art was forgotten in the effortless ease—nay, more, the rejoicing urgency—with which it was delivered. It had a skeleton and was athletic enough to stand alone, but so much alive that its bones did not stick out in Firstly, Secondly, and so forth. It was a characteristic Cadman sermon, as much for its vitality as for its distinction of manner; moving in a large orbit, bright with insight and epigram, and reminding one of

David Swing in the great names with which it conjured. Its daring and far-ranging generalisations seemed to open new vistas of divine surprise, until we saw Christianity as the centre and synthesis of truth; a faith simple, catholic, profound, satisfying the thinker and alone equal to the problem of redemption in its tragic and gigantic modern setting. After the first ten minutes my friend the sermon-taster said it was glorified glibness; at the end he thought it nothing less than miraculous. And no wonder; for it was a portrayal of the uniqueness, comprehensiveness, and supremacy of the living Christ, as certain of its sentences, which my friend can still quote, make plain:

We reflect upon the blind gropings and blurred apprehension of venerable faiths. Their literature is translated and we read it with curious and pathetic interest. The scurvy gods of the pantheons, vindictive and weak, are condemned and repudiated by us. Men may be agnostic, they may become atheists, but never again can men apprentice themselves to these primitive forms. In the teaching of Jesus these erstwhile faiths find explanation. They are part of the cosmic process in religion: tragic, but significant, overtures ere the Lord of men appears to bring them to God. He

gives to nature heart and purpose. He shows that the very ground beneath our feet is sympathetic, that no star shines or pales away without his consent. This earthly scene becomes intelligible in him, and pain and sorrow and death cannot be understood apart from his word concerning them.

No wonder that Christian theology is hastening, under pressure, to restore central authority to the doctrine of the incarnation. Christ himself, no book, no creed, no ecclesiastical form, has seized the life of this age, so vast, so complex and so baffling, and now, as never, history gives him testimony and the ages chant: "Thou hast the words of eternal life." If you ask why this changeless power over society exists in Jesus, the only reply is, because He ever lives as a present authority. Other masters are an echo; He is a voice. They died and left their systems to the blemish of time; He controls the event by being with its happening. Hence the adaptations of the religion He founded among different races. Christianity began in Rome, hidden in the catacombs, and upward it came to rear into Italy's pure and brilliant skies its monuments of faith.

Much of the treasure is hidden, but since the treasures are hidden in Christ, they are as safe as He is and as abiding as His eternity. The mighty strands of Brooklyn Bridge are gathered into one great heart of masonry at either end, and there buried out of sight, and we cross

the stream in safety. So the complex web of life, its apparent antinomies, its grief, its pain, its ministries, its explanations, are gathered up into the mighty heart of Jesus, and whatever wonder awaits man, however fecund his discoveries and phenomenal his advances, he will continue to cross the gulfs of time in safety, since life, knowledge and wisdom are hidden with Christ in God, to whom be glory forever and ever.

Next evening we met to read and discuss the sermon, but, alas, the report of it in the *Eagle* was only an elaborate synopsis, hardly more than a thin shadow of what we had heard. Moreover it read less like a sermon than a lecture, or an article in a Review; so much does the work of Dr. Cadman lose when his personality is withdrawn. Something was lost. Glamour was not the word to describe it, because it suggests something unreal, and the spell which he cast over us was not only real, but exalting and revealing. However, we agreed—reading a number of his sermons in the glow of that radiance—that he was one of the best natural orators we had ever heard, for his grace, ease, fluency, fertility, and resource, having a copious vocabulary, rich in

content and quality—albeit lacking at times in the reticences and reserves which true style requires. Also, his studentship, at once prodigious and omniverous, filled us with astonishment, and what he had read was assimilated and minted in his own mind. Indeed, he is one of the few popular preachers who really cares for learning, and his knowledge is encyclopediacal in its accuracy and range. As a maker of sermons he is unique, alike in his style and his skill, but hardly the equal of his neighbour, Dr. Hillis, as a master of popular homiletics. Strong, vivid, full-blooded—the Rubens of the pulpit, as Jowett is its Meissonier—he is a great preacher for the greatness of his themes, no less than for the virility of his thought and faith; and because he always leaves us thinking and wondering, not about himself—his brilliant mind, his incisive reasoning, his lambent eloquence—but about the great things of life; about God and man, about following Christ, about the crown of sanctity and the building of that city which hath foundations.

Of books about preaching by great preachers we have had many, and the value of each, aside from the fresh wisdom of experience which it

teaches, lies in the unconscious self-revelation of its author. It is always interesting to see how a master workman does his work, though not much that is new has been said about the technique of preaching since Phelps and Broadus; and little has been added to its history and philosophy since Dykes, Dargan, and Behrends. Brilliant, stimulating, wise in practical counsel, fruitful alike in generalisation and in characterisation, the lectures of Dr. Cadman, *Ambassadors of God,* are disappointing in their personal communicativeness, as compared, for example, with the lectures of Beecher, Jefferson, or Quayle. However, it was not his purpose to add a new vade-mecum to an already long catalogue; but, rather, to give a swift survey of the history, philosophy and practice of preaching, the better to show its function in these new and strange times. No man among us is better fitted, both by knowledge and sure-footed wisdom, to guide his brethren amid the bewildering eddies, cross-currents, and whirlpools of modern life and thought; and therein lies the chief value of the book. He is a Greatheart threading the tangled maze of the modern mind, astray in

its own confusion, and telling us that there is nothing to dishearten the preacher of Christ in the agitations and misapprehensions of this ambiguous age. Unfortunately, the style of the lectures, "loaded with polysyllabic Latinity," is often a disadvantage, and at times as ponderous as procession of elephants. This is due, in large part, to the fact that for Dr. Cadman—as for Beecher—writing is a drudgery, and so much that is most commanding and winsome in the man breaks through words and escapes. Had the lectures been reported they would have been ten times better—aglow with flashes of lightning and every kind of felicity and surprise, which only an audience can evoke from the preacher. Despite this limitation, no better book about the great art, which is also an incarnation, has come to us in many a day. An exalted conception of the office of preaching, a romantic sense of its history, rich experience, wide reading, and a vision of the need and challenge of a world troubled, enthralled, groping, unite to give us an overwhelming sense of the divine origin, worth, and permanent function of the gospel ministry. Much needed, too, especially in

America, is the emphasis upon preaching as itself sacramental, and the insistence that the sermon is not a thing apart, but a passage in the context of the worship which it seeks to inspire, direct, and interpret.

Some things Dr. Cadman ought to explain to his brethren, and one is the secret by which he seems to have all that he has ever heard, read or thought instantly at command, as if he had it pigeonholed in his mind within reach. It is almost uncanny. There is a sentence in the *Life of John Sterling,* by Carlyle, which describes it exactly: "So ready lay his store of knowledge round him, so perfect was his ready utterance of the same—in coruscating wit, in jocund drollery, in compact articulated clearness or high poignant emphasis, as the case required—he was a match for any man in argument before a crowd." Hence a ministry of information, no less than of inspiration, in which Dr. Cadman is surpassed by no living man. He reads everything and forgets nothing; and his ability to summon all his resources at will—added to his amazing industry in study, his painstaking preparation, and his incredible gift of speech—make him one of the

great public teachers of his time. Nothing human is alien to Dr. Cadman, and his interpretative insight and picturesque eloquence mark him as without doubt the most brilliant and effective popular lecturer since Beecher—a Christian publicist, a former of intelligent national opinion, an incomparable champion of fraternal righteousness and practical idealism, whose personality is an invaluable asset to the republic.

In Brooklyn, Dr. Cadman is not simply a personality; he is an institution. Not alone as orator, but as pastor, organiser, citizen, and friend, he is a leader whose authority is only equalled by his sanity, and his church is a community force. Keeping his pose in a difficult time, weighing the issues carefully, thrilling in appeal, terrific in denunciation, during the great war he was a tower of strength, not only in his own city, but all over the land. If a vexed question agitates the public mind, or some united public effort is needed in behalf of the public good, it is Dr. Cadman who crystallises the sentiment and best judgment of the community. His conferences for men at the Bedford Branch of the Young Men's

Christian Association have been for years both a local and a national forum, and a feature of Greater New York. Week after week he holds a vast audience of men—perhaps the largest in the country—discussing an astonishing range of subjects, and in addition answering questions dealing with every conceivable topic, from the character of Socrates to the Passion Play at Hoboken. There he is in his glory, and his replies, if sometimes oracular, are compounded of accurate knowledge, sanctified common sense, and sparkling wit, equally a joy to the student and a terror to the crank. For example:

Q—Do you believe in the Darwinian theory of evolution, and do you think it explains anything?

A—According to that theory, man is not only descended from the ape, but he has within him a whole menagerie, and sometimes the ape is uppermost, and sometimes the ass. I am inclined to believe in it; it explains a lot.

Q—Who was the greatest man, Cæsar, Alexander, Cromwell, or Isaac Newton?

A—If true greatness consists in the right use of a powerful understanding, Sir Isaac Newton leads the list. It is to such men as Newton—men who enlighten their fellow men

—not to men who enslave them by violence, that we owe reverence.

Q—What was the ideal of the Pilgrim Fathers, and why do you attribute supremacy to them in the making of America?

A—A theocracy consisting of a solemn allegiance to the covenant of the gospel and a determination to walk by its rule, whatever the cost. The Pilgrim was supreme because his ideals were the loftiest and he made the largest sacrifices in their behalf. It was reserved for a band of obscure and despised sectaries to lay down in all essentials the principles of representative democracy. They set sail from the old world, but they carried a new world in their hearts.

Q—What is the matter with the church? Where are the great preachers, such as we used to have?

A—Internally, sectarian strife; externally, the prevalent indifference and the superficial character of much of the national mind. Preaching has killed the Christian church. We go to church to hear the star in the pulpit. We have become sermon tasters instead of Christian workers. You hear a fat old grocer boast that he has sat under the pulpit of Rev. Blowhard for twenty years, and all the time you know that he has been skinning the public. We are a sorry lot and make a poor fist at religion.

Q—Has Christianity failed? After two

thousand years of its influence why are we in such a mess?

A—No; Christianity has not failed; as Chesterton said, it has been found difficult and laid aside. I should like to see a demonstration of its efficiency in every sort of man, using the leading churches for the occasion. Get together the regenerated Pharisees, the converted nobodies, the saved who were once lost and far away from God. Let the preacher for once retire. What eloquence could equal the story of such transformed lives! The outcome would be that many of us would perceive that the same power that brought St. Paul to the feet of Jesus, that sent Henry Martyn to India and Father Damien to the lepers, that touched the tongues of St. Bernard and of Beecher, is an everlasting power and has signs and wonders attending it.

So wholesome, so intelligently loyal, so nobly prophetic is the Americanism of Dr. Cadman, that one has difficulty in remembering his British origin. None the less, because he married a wife he does not hate his old mother, and no small part of his remarkable ministry is the service he has rendered in behalf of the friendship of English-speaking peoples. Here, too, he has been an Ambassador of God, embodying, as he does, the common spirit and ideal of

kindred lands. No doubt William James would classify Dr. Cadman among the "tough-minded," rather than among the mystics; but he would rejoice in his brilliant intellect, his abounding vitality, his buoyant good cheer, and his infinite brotherliness, which knows no bounds of creed, or sect, or party—all the rich human qualities which make him so radiant and so fascinating. No man is more beloved by his brethren, as much for his goodness of heart as for his gifts of mind, all of whom have an honourable Christian pride in a ministry as fruitful in personal blessing as it is nation wide in its influence.

XI: Reginald J. Campbell

No two men were ever more unlike in physical aspect, intellectual quality and spiritual appeal, than the first two ministers of the City Temple. The first was a sturdy, stockily built giant, the second slight, frail, almost ethereal; one the son of a stone-mason, the other a child of the manse; an old man with a black mane followed by a young man with a white mane. If one had a rugged, massive, dynamic intellect, the other had a mystical mind of iridescent brilliance. One personality was pervasive, opulent, diffusive, the other magnetic, absorbent, winsome. The eloquence of the older man had always a suggestion of the stage, not that it was insincere, but because the dramatic instinct was ineradicable; the oratory of the younger man was unaffected in its simplicity, with no effort after effect, and no flowers of rhetoric. The contrast might go on indefinitely, they were so utterly different; yet each in his own

distinction and power was a man of mark, and each had a word of God for his age.

Mark Rutherford thought that George MacDonald was the most fascinating preacher that ever entered a pulpit: but if he had seen the young man who came up from Brighton, at the dying wish of Joseph Parker, to the City Temple in 1902, he might have altered his verdict. With a head grey in youth, eyes eloquent with a nameless hunger, and a face thin and pallid as that of some ascetic of the desert, his advent in the pulpit was an event—one had almost said, an apparition. Seldom, if ever, has there been a figure more arresting, a presence more captivating, or an appeal more winning than R. J. Campbell made in those early days of his incandescence. Preaching, said Dr. Parker, will endure as long as the race, but it must be *preaching;* and the *Sermons Addressed to Individuals* were preaching of the most real kind, at once searching and revealing. The vestry of the City Temple is a confessional, as I well know, and each of the sermons dealt with some personal problem confided to the preacher, uniting a clairvoyant insight with a sympathy almost substitutionary. Direct, con-

crete, lambent, they were unique in their evocation of the religious atmosphere, and in that "naturalization of the Unseen" which it is the glory of the pulpit to achieve. If in their printed form the sermons lost something, it was because no art could detain the incommunicable grace of a personality as challenging as it was charming. From a letter dated 1904, written by a friend long vanished, I take these words giving an impression of the "Little Grey Angel," as the preacher was described:

A more beautiful countenance than his I have never beheld among living men. There are pictures of the saints that possess the same haunting and ethereal loveliness. It is a beauty that affects some men as being almost uncanny; the features are so delicate that they would be effeminate save for the glowing, searching eyes and the firm, long lines of the chin. The hair is prematurely grey, but luxuriant. Garbed in his long black cassock, the preacher looked like a Dante that had known no sorrow. Asceticism was there, but no hardness; spirituality without aloofness. As he stood in silence when he rose to preach, searching out the people with his eyes, he looked like a friendly angel. His delivery was not good, being muffled and feeble, sometimes dropping almost to a murmur. He seemed to use manuscript, but I got the impres-

sion that only notes and headings were written down. Frequently he made use of devotional poetry, summing up an argument or a plea with a stanza. He spoke intimately to the people and never waxed either oratorical or spectacular. The most extreme gesture that he made was a long, upward and outward movement of the arm, as though he intended to drop a thought among the rear pews. It was a curious and, as you may observe, not an easy gesture to describe, but it had a striking effect and brought the beholder up with a start. My impression all through was of a profound but quietly expressed solicitude that man should not only be happier for being good, but be better for being happier. The secret of his power is elusive. The explanation for such a lack of explanation would naturally be—magnetism or genius. The magnetism, certainly, is undeniable. As to the latter, it is doubtful whether his warmest friends would claim for him the title of genius. Ability, grace, charm, skill—yes; but genius—no.

Unfortunately, it was never my joy to hear Campbell in the City Temple in those days, and one had to see and hear him in that setting in order to know him at his best. Outside the Temple he seemed bereft of half his power, which explains the disappointment of those who heard him elsewhere, and especially in America.

Knowing something of the amazing audience which assembles in the City Temple—amazing alike in its composition and in its spiritual contrasts—I know how it tugs at the heart of the preacher. The curious tourists who "do" the Temple count for as little as the jaded sermon-tasters seeking a new thrill. The standing congregation is a mixed multitude in itself, too bewilderingly varied to be described, with which is joined a crowd of lonely, baffled folk, drawn or driven by an inappeasable need of the soul, and no preacher can ever forget their eager, expectant, storm-vexed faces. Men fighting for faith, men who have lost the fight, spiritual derelicts tossed between cynicism and despair—weary, unexcited, tormented—defeated men whose past is ever before them, and women to whom hell is the only reality—these sit side by each at every service. The appeal to the penetrative and compassionate understanding of the preacher is like "deep calling unto deep," and if he has the shepherd soul it is irresistible. To such an audience—its mind a chaos of unrelated ideas, its soul dumb with a wordless yearning, terrible in the loneliness of a great city—Campbell came like an old mystic

who had wandered out of the Middle Ages. Without being æsthetically fine or intellectually satisfying, his presence was electrifying, his personality haunting, his utterance thrilling—

Clothed about with flame and with tears, and singing
Songs that break the heart of the earth with pity.

Such was the minister of the City Temple when the New Theology sensation began: a matter with which I have not to do, except to say that, since it was neither new nor a theology, it did not enlist my interest. Indeed, we in America were amazed at the furor it made, finding in it little, if anything, that had not long been familiar to us either in the old liberalism or the new orthodoxy; nothing, that is, unless it was a misplaced emphasis or a sense of proportion all awry. It seemed to us only another proof of the saying of Disraeli that the English are the most enthusiastic and least excitable people on earth, and that the two inspirations of their enthusiasm are politics and religion. Nor did we on this side realise that the movement had been taken up by the

Northcliffe papers, especially by the *Daily Mail,* which exploited an ethereal personality in a manner unprecedented—taking bits of his sermons out of their context and flashing them in large type, much to the regret of the preacher and his friends. The book entitled *The New Theology,* and described in its preface as "a concise statement of the outlines of the teaching given from the City Temple pulpit," while containing many vagrant insights of rare beauty, was so ill-considered and hastily written as almost to justify the cartoon in *Punch,* showing the author pacing up and down his study, dictating a new theology in an evening.

There is no wish on my part to belittle the author of *The New Theology;* far from it. He was a preacher of rare and exquisite art, commanding many resources, and there was always a suggestion of a supernatural background to his ministry. His knowledge of the human heart—especially in its bafflements, its struggle with temptation, its pain at the hardness of life, its wistful loneliness—was almost uncanny; and his divination of what people were thinking and feeling, of their inarticulate yearnings, made him an answerer of the un-

asked questions of many minds. His preaching during the New Theology days was in many ways extraordinary, albeit marred at times by an aggressive self-consciousness. Often a sermon began with a too elaborate, if not laboured, exegesis of the text in the light of the higher criticism—"I believed the Germans too readily," he afterwards said—but it nearly always found focus in a glow-point of real insight. His prayers, too, were singularly searching, healing, exalting. Indeed, many were drawn to him, not because he had invented a new theology, but because, with real insight and at the psychological moment, he uttered truths deeply felt, or dimly seen, in the terms of his time, and related Christianity to everyday life and the issues of his age. His spiritual fervour, his moral earnestness, his passion for social justice found response in many who knew little, and cared less, about any kind of theology, new or old.

Nor do I mean to imply that the New Theology movement, at one time so much discussed, did no good except to make a stir in the dry leaves. It did good both directly and indirectly. It awakened interest in religion; it emphasised

the social meaning of Christianity; it enabled many ministers to speak their minds more freely and frankly; and a freer, fresher air was felt to be blowing through all the churches. Though the movement itself has had its day and ceased to be, thousands of people were made aware of a new sense of reality and a new impulse to service. The leader of the New Theology reached the zenith of his influence and power in 1909, and the following year was smitten with a serious illness which seemed to affect not only his body but his whole personality. Three sermons a week, besides innumerable outside demands, had overtaxed his strength. The minister of the City Temple, as I learned to my sorrow, is regarded as public property in London, and it is a wonder to me that so frail a man as Campbell stood the strain as long as he did. A second visit to America in 1911 did not improve his health, but it marked the turning point of his career. A subtle change crept into his pulpit utterances, and the congregations at the City Temple, while still relatively large, began to decline. At the Thursday noon service the attendance became smaller than it has been for thirty

years. Another illness in July, 1914, left the preacher unspeakably frail, and in the autumn he resigned and entered the Church of England.

Dr. Parker had left a large and influential following at the City Temple, but the attrition of years, the changes in London, and, more than all, the agitations of the succeeding ministry, scattered it. Not a few left when the New Theology discussion began, and many more when the minister adventured into socialism. Others took their places, to be sure, including a multitude of young people who filled the Temple with ardour and enthusiasm. But when their leader recanted his teaching they, in turn, were first dazed, and then disillusioned, like sheep led into a wilderness and deserted by the shepherd—surely not the least part of the tragedy of a notable career. As a result little was left at the City Temple: as one of its officers said to me when I arrived: "It is not only flat, it is a hole in the ground." When I took up my labours at the Temple my predecessor was a priest of St. Philip's Cathedral, in Birmingham, and had just published his apologia, entitled *A Spiritual Pilgrimage*. It

was more than an apology; it was a recantation. Perhaps an Intellectual Pilgrimage had been a better title; but the tone of the book was irenic, with very few barbed sentences, yet one felt all through a deep undercurrent of disappointment. He spoke rather sadly of "my most latitudinarian days," meaning his great days at the City Temple, over which he wished to "draw a veil." Indeed, he was not aware of owing anything in his religious life to Nonconformist influences; what he had received from that source was rather "a truer view of history and of the sterner realities of modern life."

He was explicit in his remarks about his "*re*-ordination," a word not chosen at haphazard, when he said that he believed himself to be "no more, and no less, truly a minister of Jesus Christ after I had been ordained in the Church of England than I was before"; and he regarded that act as no judgment upon his ministry one way or the other. "The fact is that distinctive nonconformist—or shall I say evangelical?—theology failed me," he said. Apparently the New Theology had failed him, too. He felt, as he frankly admitted, that "in the

corporate unity of the catholic church and in that alone was full satisfaction to be found for my religious need." Yet he makes the curious remark that had his health stood the strain, he did not see how he could legitimately, "in all reason and conscience," have left the City Temple. Indeed, he more than once said to me that if he could have had an assistant, as I had at the City Temple, he would not have left. It was all very strange, and the apologia did not explain it.

Nor is it my business to inquire into it further.[1] Later, when Mr. Campbell came to London as Vicar of Christ Church, Westminster, I found him the same lovable and brotherly man whom I had met and heard in America, albeit somewhat pensive and aloof—as one who had "journeyed a long way and passed many graves along the road." At the invitation of a mutual friend, I attended his

[1] It was not so much the fact of his entering another communion that hurt the people of the City Temple—though to some of his friends it was like a personal bereavement—but the way in which it was done. He could have had anything he asked—never was a man more beloved—but the church was not taken into confidence. His arrangements for entering the Established Church were made before his friends knew anything about it. He had a right to burn all bridges behind him, but so loyal a people deserved a better fate.

Induction as Vicar, and I shall not soon forget my feelings when I saw him stand at the altar, holding a Bible aloft in his hand, and accept the Thirty-nine Articles of faith—remembering what he had often said of the intellect capable of such a feat. Many great and saintly men accept that ancient formula, but for Mr. Campbell to do so required a reversal of mind which baffled his friends and puzzled his foes. In all this he was utterly sincere—being a man who lives in phases—but I wondered what had happened in his heart, and how such a thing could be. Temperament, no doubt, explains much. The very qualities which made him so stimulating a preacher unfitted him as a guide for theological wayfarers, the more so when, unfixed from his orbit, he became a wandering star. For he was ever a lonely, pilgrim soul, "a trail of fire burning at white heat," restless, impulsive, erratic.[2] Such a mind has no place in English Nonconformity, in which there is so much that is not only definite, but hard, unyielding, and, if one may say so, ungracious. By temperament, no less than by training, R. J. Campbell belongs in the Church of England,

[2] *Prophets, Priests, and Kings,* by A. G. Gardiner.

and no one will begrudge him the peace he has found in its wide fellowship, its sweet and tempered ways, and its veneration for those forms and symbols which enshrine the wisdom and faith of the past.

Often, during his ministry at the City Temple, Mr. Campbell—Dr. Campbell, as he is now, by the grace of Oxford University—was urged to write a Life of Christ; no doubt because he made Christ a living reality to so many seeking and hitherto baffled souls. At last, after many delays due to the Great War, he has fulfilled that request; but it is not the great Life of Jesus for which we have been waiting, written in full light of the ancient faith and the new knowledge—for that the author has neither the scholarship nor the literary gift. In many respects his Life of Jesus is different from what it would have been had he written it while minister of the City Temple. His attitude and point of view have changed. The homiletic instinct prevails, and he promises to follow this volume with a homiletical commentary on the Gospels. Every man unconsciously portrays that in Christ most akin to himself; and in this volume Mr. Campbell is at his best when inter-

preting "the wonderful winsomeness" of the Master, as Papini, who fell in love with Jesus while reading the Gospels to the peasants, sees him as "terribly and fearfully alone." The book is rich in insight and beauty, making us feel the majesty of the Master, and still more the nameless and haunting charm which clings to every word and gesture of those swift and gentle years.

XII: William A. Quayle

Those who have read *Old Delabole,* by Eden Phillpotts, will not soon forget the little Cornish village—so near to the "sounding shores of Boss and Bude"—where men win with patient toil, and not without peril, the famous dark grey slate that is the delight of every good builder. But even to the dwellers of that "City of Slate," the religious activities of the village, divided between "Wesleyans" and "Uniteds," take rank with the affairs of the great quarry in interest and importance. It is worth while to know Granfer Nute, the village philosopher, who comes aptly to the rescue of every perplexing situation with his shrewd humour and his quaint estimates of men and things. Foregathered one day with his special crony, they discuss the aims and actions of certain young people, as old folk are wont to do:

"Pity your grandson hedn't more like his

brother Pooley, and not so fond of dolly-mopping with the girls," said the friend of the philosopher.

"Pooley has the Methodist mind," Granfer replied. "Ned hedn't. He's feeling out for the joy of life, while Pooley wants the joy of truth."

Not all may be willing to agree that there is a Methodist mind, as a thing distinct and set apart, on the ground that others have an equal right to Granfer's highly honourable phrase. However that may be, there is a Methodist genius, unique, particular, precious—joining mind and heart, uniting the joy of truth with the joy of life—and there has never been a more perfect incarnation of it than Bishop Quayle; in whom humour, pathos, literature, life, faith, philosophy and poetry are made incandescent by a spiritual genius who is also an unveneered human being. What he may be as an executive I know not—though it is reported that a great layman once thanked God "for one Bishop Quayle, and no more"—but as a preacher there is not another like him in Methodism, or anywhere else. In a church so rich in great preachers—the church of Simpson and

Fowler, of Price Hughes and W. L. Watkinson—no one may be supreme; but Bishop Quayle is one of the princes of that realm, a peer in a shining company of those whose hearts God has touched with light and power and loveliness. No wonder he confirms some of us in the conviction, long held as an article of faith, that when God made the Methodist Church he did not do anything else that whole day; and behold it was good!

Many times I have heard Bishop Quayle preach, before he was elevated to the episcopate and after, but one day stands out in my memory as showing the many-sidedness of the man. It was at a conference over which he presided in Iowa, and I can still see him as he stood transfigured by the autumn sunlight falling through a lovely window—tall, stockily built, stooped, his massive head crowned with reddish hair tinged with grey, his great blue eyes the homes of laughter and of tears, his face as mutable as the sea. As I entered the church, I heard first ripples and then roars of laughter, for no great preacher of our time makes so liberal a use of wit and humour in his work; bright wit in which there is no sting;

sweet humour without any acid. The bishop was receiving a group of young men into the ministry, to an accompaniment of a running commentary on the requirements and duties of a minister as laid down in the Discipline. Nothing was omitted, not even "the expectoratious subject of tobacco," and neither before nor since have I heard so much common sense taught in the guise of nonsense. Among other things he advised each minister to have a patch of ground—large or small—all his own, where he could take refuge from obstinate bishops and obstreperous elders, and assert his rights. We laughed until we cried as he described the foibles of the minister, and the difficulties and trivialities of his work; then we cried in earnest as he spoke of the meaning of the ministry, its dignity, its pathos, and its sacred service amid the lights and shadows of life.

After the singing of a hymn, the bishop read the account of the raising of Dorcas and preached a sermon, which might have had for its title the Wordsworth phrase, "The Deep Power of Joy"—always a keynote in his preaching, and one too seldom heard in our anxious modern days. It was a charge to the church

in behalf of the young men whom he had welcomed into the ministry; a study of the atmosphere which the gospel of Christ should create —a happy, healing, redeeming atmosphere in which evil will be overcome as seeds of good grow into golden harvest. Since Christianity is a gospel of joy—no vague, mystical ecstasy, but a real, human-hearted joy—its messengers should be bringers of joy, changing the human climate from winter to summer. The sermon was an illustration of its subject. Serious but in nowise solemn, it created the very atmosphere it described—"almost a picnic spirit," as one listener called it—reminding me of the saying of Hermas, that the Holy Spirit is a hilarious spirit. For an hour the preacher made us glad about God—glad about life and the world —showing us that there is healing for all the hates and hurts of life, if we use the gospel with strategy and skill. As a feat of homiletics it was a work of art, albeit, like a vine-covered church, its solid structure was hidden by every kind of beauty both of imagery and of phrase. It was not rhetoric but poetry; and the manner of its delivery had all the freedom, directness and charm of a stump speech.

As if all that were not enough for one day, in the evening the bishop gave a lecture on *The Tale of Two Cities,* the like of which I have never heard from anyone else. It would have delighted Dickens, both for its vivid portraiture and its dramatic power, being a series of sketches of the characters in the story seen against the stupendous background of the Revolution. In speaking of Sidney Carton and his fight with the demon of drink, he let fall a page from his own life, telling how when only a lad of ten he lay drunk on the floor of a saloon. His mother was dead, his father was a miner at his work, and the rough men thought it a great joke to make the boy drunk. It made the heart shudder, and in his dealing with Carton one felt that he was aware of his own escape from a tragic fate. There was no need to point the moral, save in one swift sentence which flashed like a silver arrow as it hit the mark. Surely no one ever forgot that day of wonder, so fruitful in inspiration for the heart and in "pollen for the mind," to use one of its happy phrases. It was like an apocalypse in which the preacher stood revealed, equally in his homely counsel to his young brethren and in

his high command of great assemblies; his tender humanity, his witchery of personality, his knowledge of life from bottom to top, his magic of speech, his love of the out-of-doors—a mind as full of colour as a painter's shop, a heart lyrically confident of God and joyously loyal to the Master.

A child of the Isle of Man, brought up in the large and liberal air of the Middle West of America, the life of Bishop Quayle, as one day it will be told, shows us the growth of a great preacher and the process of his making. How interesting it is to compare the earliest volume of his sermons, *Eternity in the Heart,* a fruit of his Kansas City ministry—happily left as they came from the heart and lips of the preacher on his feet—with his latest volume, entitled *The Dynamite of God,* and note the deeper insight and the greater wealth of beauty and suggestiveness. In the first volume there is hardly a literary allusion; in the second, there are almost too many. If only we had a volume between them, a trophy of his pastorate at St. James Church, Chicago, we might the better study the stages of the rapid unfolding of his vision and power; how he took all life and all

literature as his province, levying tribute in the name of his Master. Yet it would be hard to name anything more brilliant than his fraternal address to the British Wesleyan Conference in 1902, though what I best remember about it is his unforgettable tribute to his father. Every man has his own idiom, which is the accent of his heart, the native gesture of his mind; but of late years Bishop Quayle has fallen into certain mannerisms of literary style which mar his work, giving at times almost an impression of artificiality—a thing utterly alien to his nature. In these despites, not since Joseph Parker went away have we had a preacher so epigrammatic, so quotable, so happy in his power to startle and sting the mind with the sudden surprise of beauty and of truth. His fertility of thought is matched by an exceeding aptness of imagery, as of one who thinks in pictures and talks in lyrics. His illustrations are both illuminative and instructive, as in a passage in his sermon on "Life's Criminal Agnosticism"—a title too harsh for the setting of the text—which tells what many have felt:

Do you read John Burroughs? You ought to. He likes dirt. He says dirt is good enough

to eat in the spring. All told, as nature writers go, I think John Burroughs the best of all the sweet chorus. I have all his books except the one on Whitman. I have asked to be excused on that for a time. But do you read Burroughs' books? What is the lack of them? I will tell you. He has missed the Gardener. Burroughs is apparently an agnostic. I have gone through all his books, seen him walk on his dirt, gone down among the water lilies with him, stopped on the Hudson banks with him, heard the water brooks bubbling strangely intelligible speech with him, have been all wheres with him, but never saw a hint about the Gardener. If he only once had looked into the Gardener's face and said, "I bless thee, Gardener, that the garden is so sweet," Burroughs would have had no fellow in the earth as an interpreter of the out-of-doors. But in the garden he has missed the Gardener. We must not miss the Gardener. Is he at home? I call you to mark that you are out in God's flower garden, all a-bloom and all a-perfume, and all a-rapture of green. Do not miss the Gardener.[1]

In all the preaching of Bishop Quayle, at least in his later period—over it, through it—there is the breath and beauty of the out-of-doors; singing birds, growing flowers, drifting seas, and rustling woods, and the wandering

[1] *The Dynamite of God.*

brotherhood of the winds. No preacher of our out-door age—not one—approaches him in his love of nature and his vision of its meaning to the spiritual life of man. He is a radiant prophet of the everywhereness of God, a "priest to us all of the wonder and bloom of the world." As a naturalist, and still more as a poet, he walks the earth with reverent, happy feet, revealing to men the beauty at their doors, no less than on far away hills, chanting the eternal loveliness of earth and sky. He reads *God's Calendar* so lovingly that if he were to fall asleep and wake up, like Rip Van Winkle, he would know the time of year by the flowers in bloom and the notes of bird-song in the woodland. He knows the sea and its moods, the far-stretching mystery of the prairies; the mountains, the desert, the haunts of the birds and the dells where the violets hide. All seasons are his, summer with its splendour, and the winter days when the north wind tumbles out of his bed and goes romping over the hills, sending the clouds scudding, and building the snow into every form of frolic architecture. To him trees are a means of grace, the fragrance of a rose is like a kiss of God, and the

sunlight falling on flowing waters is like the memory of one much loved and long dead. Like his Master, who taught out-of-doors, all nature is an infinite parable of God and he pours out his heart in poems of prayer and praise, reflection blooming into rapture and theology into song.

Joined with his love of nature is a lyric love of humanity, not unlike that of Browning, so genuine and joyous that all men feel the glow of it. Nothing human is alien to his insight and interest. He has an essay on "The Preacher as an Appreciator," and he is a model of his own precept. He knows "The Fine Art of Loving Folks"—all kinds and conditions of folk—and his worship of little children just stops short of idolatry. No wonder his book on *The Pastor-Preacher*—note the order of the words—is one of the richest of its kind, made so by his abounding humanity, no less than by his knowledge and experience of "preacher-craft." No one can talk to preachers as he can, unless it be Dr. Jefferson, and Quayle is more of a poet, more of a mystic. It would be hard to name anyone else who could have written the chapter on "The Preacher a

Mystic," in which we see that window in his heart open toward the City of God, through which falls a "light that never was on sea or land." Seldom has genius been more communicative. The very informality of the book is half its charm, dealing, as it does, both with the trivialities and the sublimities of our holy art. Never was there a more responsive listener or a more gentle-hearted critic. From Spurgeon he derived little, Brooks he knows only by report, but his tribute to Beecher is memorable:

Since the apostolic days preaching, as preaching, has never soared so high as in Henry Ward Beecher. There were in him an exhaustiveness and an exuberance, an insight deep as the soul, a power to turn a light like sunlight for strength on the sore weaknesses of humanity, a bewilderment of approach to the heart to tempt it from itself to God that I find nowhere else; and it has been my privilege to be a wide reader of the sermonic literature of the world. Compared to him, Berry, the English preacher, whom Beecher thought most apt to be his successor in the Plymouth pulpit, was an instrument of a couple of strings matched with Beecher's harp of gold. Phillips Brooks cannot in any just sense be put alongside him; and Simpson in his genius was essentially ex-

temporaneous and insular. Beecher was perpetual, like the eternal springs. In Robertson of Brighton are some symptoms of Beecher, but they are cameo not building stone resemblances. Beecher was the past master of our preaching art. Storrs and Beecher were contemporaries in the same city. Storrs was a field of cloth of gold. Gorgeous he was, and a man of might. But you cannot get from the thought of effort in him and in his effects. In Beecher is no sense of effort, any more than in a sea bird keeping pace with a rushing ship. In him are effortless music and might of a vast power of reserve. This estimate of Beecher may be right or wrong. I give it as my estimate of him. He has no successor, as Samson had no son.

Some of us love Bishop Quayle best in his little books of prayer, and we find *The Climb to God* less to our need than *The Throne of Grace*. They are years apart, and life has taught him much betimes. The last named rosary is deeper and more revealing, a kind of diary of the soul written for God to read, like the Confessions of Augustine. What music and touch of deep truth, what unveiling of the moods of the heart and its hunger for a more than mortal fellowship. A deep and grateful joy in God is joined with an eager, incessant

quest for more of God. On one page is a sinner abject at the mercy seat; on another he is a poet dropping roses at the feet of the Master. Half the time he is out of doors, rejoicing in "the beauty of the Lord our God," which is ever upon us in the wonder of his works. When we read "A Preacher's Prayer," we know him to be a kinsman, "proficient only in incompetency," as he is dazzled by the richness of the good news he is sent to tell. "Thy mandate is on my heart and on my lips. By thy command I am evangelist. Eternity is part of my parish. God help me." In prayer, in poem, in sermon the note of his genius is beauty; its depth is the depth that goes with beauty. It is as a great artist that he thinks of God, of Christ and of the life of man. In him the poet is supreme:

A man of sorrows He, and guest of grief,
  Who walked in quiet on life's humble ways
  And suffered all the slurs and dull dismays
Which crush on mighty souls. His days were brief—
A sudden splendour cleft with storm. Belief
  On Him grew dim, though great hearts walked through haze
  Of doubt and fogs of death with shouts of praise,

And knew Him glorious and acclaimed Him
Chief.
And now He stands strange, uncompanied,
vast,
Tall as all solemn, purpling mountains are—
Stands, while majestic, crumbling centuries
waste.
The moaning travail of His soul is past.
He hath throned Love and wrought redemption
far;
And who believeth on Him shall not haste.

XIII: George W. Truett

Three scenes are linked in my mind as I think of the career of Dr. Truett, whose ministry is one of the most remarkable in the history of the modern church. Taken together they show how God made a mighty preacher, endowed and trained him for his task, and set him in a place of influence and power. He is a truly great preacher, as much for the depth, simplicity and intensity of his faith as for the size, poise, and incommunicable charm of his personality. No man among us has more of what Joseph Parker called "the tone of great preaching," which might be the solicitude of a mother, the passion of a father, and the wooing note of a lover all in one. "Men are guided by type, not by argument," said Bagehot; "it is the life of teachers that is catching, not their tenets"; and that is supremely true of Dr. Truett, whose character fulfills the words of Amiel who said, "to be religious is to personify and embody the Eternal."

The first scene is from a biographical sketch of Dr. Truett, all too brief, which shows us the boy from the Blue Ridge Mountains at a meeting of the Baptists of Georgia, in the old courthouse at Marietta, in 1889. He was there to plead the cause of the youth of the mountains, as precious as gold for the miner's pick and fit to adorn the crown of a king. Tall, pale, shy, vastly embarrassed in the focus of so many eyes, the youth was forced into the aisle and led to the "prisoner's dock." There he told his story, forgetting himself—as he always does—and remembering only youth denied an opportunity of access to its rightful inheritance of knowledge. It was a simple story, but epic in its pathos of quiet recital of the passions, hopes, and longings of an unsung heroism. It grew more poignant with each word, until every heart was broken and yet athrill, moved alike by the merit of the plea and by the tones of a voice which carries the burden of tears which seems ever laid upon it. It was no pitiful plea of poverty—who ever heard that from a southern mountaineer?—but the cry of a youth in behalf of youth, the strong persuasion of a just matter, the logic of one who was resolved to let

his own lack of opportunity plead for others. Suffice it to say that the young man of twenty-two went back to his mountain home taking new hope and joy with him.

Thence, after a time, the path of the young man led westward to Texas, where his parents had moved ahead of him. Within a few years he had saved a college from financial despair, had endowed it, had been graduated from it, and was elected to its presidency. Happily, and wisely, he did not accept the honour, keeping to the path marked out for his soul by One who made him to be a preacher. The triumphs of Dr. Truett—"plain, mountain-hearted, love-torn George Truett," in the words of one of his friends—read like a legend, as year by year he moved forward, divinely led while humbly following, to a place of command among his brethren. The man who wooed cowboys to their knees won cities also, until, in 1897, he came to the pulpit of the First Baptist Church of Dallas, a noble church destined to grow under his leadership to be one of the mighty forces of the nation, both in numbers and in spiritual fruitfulness. There, as pastor, teacher and evangelist, his genius has shone for more

than twenty years, where his name is a household word, and his fame is like a fragrance throughout the nation.

The second scene was two years later, in Louisville, at a meeting of the Baptist convention of the south in 1899, when Dr. Truett was the preacher. It was a great occasion, and there was a great orator to match it. The picture is vivid in my memory—the finely wrought sermon, the burning earnestness of the preacher—but no words of mine can describe a voice which has in it an echo of that infinite pain that throbs forever in the human heart; the voice of one who knows that humanity is deeply wounded, and that only Christ can heal it. The sermon was entitled "The Subject and Object of the Gospel," and was valuable not only for its exposition of the theme but as a revelation of the ideals of the preacher. He magnified his office, and there were passages of stinging rebuke of clap-trap methods which degrade the pulpit. "All sensationalism in the pulpit is worse than sawdust," he said; it smacks of the street and is a burning shame upon the Christian ministry. The following passage from the

sermon gives one clue to the secret of a preacher who knows whereof he speaks, and in whom the Christ-motif is supreme:

Nothing can take the place of the Christian ministry. The progress of civilisation, the making of many books, the increase of schools and learning, the marvelous triumphs of the press—mighty as are all of these agencies—they can never supersede the divinely sent preacher. . . . In the great crises of the past, matchless has been the influence wielded by God's prophets and preachers. When all other voices have failed, they have rallied the wavering people to the standards of truth and righteousness. It was the golden-mouthed Chrysostom who became the oracle of the hour in the days when Antioch was smitten with terror. It was the flaming Augustine who rallied his fellow countrymen from despair and breathed into their lives new hope and purpose, when imperial Rome lay bleeding and trampled beneath the heel of an invading oppressor. It was the plain, yet invincible Luther, who, when reeking corruption reigned in the papal court and spread its blight over all Europe, spoke forth words that echoed as the thunder and were piercing as the lightning, stirring a revolution that thrilled all Christendom and marking a new epoch in the civilisation of the world. As in the past so shall it be in the future, that God's foremost instrument is his preacher, in both

the civilisation and the evangelisation of the world.

There was an element in Paul's preaching that must needs be in all effective preaching. It was his tone of authority. He believed his message with all his heart, and as God's ambassador he delivered it without quailing, for one moment, under any fire. There is untold power in him who knows his mission is a thing of God's own willing, and that he cannot fail, though doubts may shroud in cloud the transient hour. It is conviction that convinces. The last place on earth for stammering and indefiniteness is the pulpit. Christ's ambassador is to proclaim his Master's message rather than to defend it. He is a witness rather than an advocate. Christianity is nothing if it is not sublimely positive. It is not a conundrum to be guessed at, or a theory to be speculated upon, but it is a divine revelation which is to be implicitly accepted and followed with the deepest heart-throb of our lives. To be continually on the defensive is contrary to the very genius and purpose of the gospel. The gospel faithfully preached is its own best defence.

The third scene was in Washington, in May, 1920, where the hosts of southern Baptists had assembled for their great convention—perhaps the greatest religious assembly in the world.

As the convention was held in the national capital it was decided that there should be an address setting forth the Baptist position with regard to the relation of church and state; and Dr. Truett was selected to deliver the address. He stood on the front steps of the capitol building, looking toward the White House, and the audience, numbering many thousands, filled the open space. Not for twenty years had I seen Dr. Truett, and time had powdered his hair; but the wonderful voice, with its haunting keys and cadences, was the same. The address was entitled "Baptists and Religious Liberty," and it was as much a sermon as an oration, reviewing the long struggle for the freedom of faith, and the part which Baptist heroes had in fighting the battle. If it celebrated liberty, it was also a plea for what Burke called "a manly, moral, regulated liberty"; and it laid emphasis upon the obligations which all true liberty imposes, lest it be used "for an occasion of the flesh." But liberty is not all. Even if education be added to liberty it is not enough, for "a democracy needs more than intelligence—it needs Christ"; and the address closed with a demand for evangelisation nation-wide, world-

wide, and ceaseless. For more than an hour the orator held the vast audience enthralled, and he sent us away with a solemn and overwhelming sense of the crisis of the modern world and its challenge to the Christian faith.

Someone said of Spurgeon that his theology, by itself, was abhorrent, but that it was never by itself. It was mixed with the stuff of the man, dipped and dyed in all the hues of his life, touched with spiritual genius and transfigured by a glorified common sense. In the same way, to many of us the theology of Dr. Truett would seem archaic, if not untenable, if we stopped to remember it. What we remember is not his theory but his experience, and we share and rejoice in the grand orthodoxy of the heart which makes his preaching so vital and compelling. Like the rest of us, when he argues he is weak; when he tells of the love of God and the saviourhood of Christ, he is irresistible. According to Aristotle—whose book on Rhetoric every preacher should study, if only to learn that rhetoric is not mere cookery, as Plato said in contempt—the office of the orator is persuasion, for which three qualities are necessary: prudence, moral excellence, and the good

of the hearers at heart. No one fulfills these conditions more perfectly than Dr. Truett, whose character lights up like an altar lamp the teaching of his words. More than an evangelist, he is an evangel. As a rough man put it, unconsciously paying a high tribute, "He is a man who means it without trying to." His sincerity is not simply transparent, it is luminous. Men know that he loves them—they feel it—and that his one wish is to win them to Christ, and that to that end he spends his power without thought of himself. One of his friends has tried to describe his secret:

What is it that constitutes the acknowledged power of his preaching? In one answer all opinions meet. It is something in the man himself—the man behind the sermon, the incarnation of truthfulness in the messenger. Many sermons will yield to analysis the secret of their charm. Though many of the sermons of Truett have been reported in full, he belongs to that class of preachers who convince us that preaching is in the highest sense an incarnation, something more than a report of the truth, something more than the proclamation of the gospel. Whitfield could so speak the most commonplace words as to send chills through his audience. Truett has much of this power to communicate

to men his soul on the most ordinary vehicles of thought and language. His words take on his spiritual quality as the dull black wire takes on the electric current.

Electricity, however, is scarcely a fortunate figure. He is least of all of the spectacular type. There is nothing angular or irregular in him. He has none of the personality run to seed—individualism on a pious spree. The strongest personalities are not eccentric. Eccentricity is unnecessary to such men. They have specific gravity beyond the need of peculiar advertisement. Too much of what men call personality in the pulpit, in the view that preaching is an incarnation, must hinder rather than help the gospel purpose. Is it possible that evangelism, which, reduced to the terms of psychology, is egotism, can be the appointed power of God unto salvation? The power of George Truett, as a preacher, can have no such explanation.

The phrase most often employed to explain Truett is "heart-power." Translated into visible, audible fact, it is this: A man of substantial flesh, enough to be a man of like passions with other men; an open Saxon face—a serious, some say a sad face; a voice set in a key of pathos; an impression of unfeigned sympathy, as of a man who has suffered, and whose pain, whatever it be, has become lost in a larger pain, through exchange of all personal life sorrows for the great human sorrow every-

where. In declining the presidency of Baylor University he said simply in explanation: "I have sought and found the shepherd's heart." Perhaps there lies the hiding of his power. Many have quoted the great avowal which Frederic Myers puts into the mouth of Paul the Apostle, but none whom I know can appropriate it more truly than Truett, when he stands before a congregation of his fellow men to preach the gospel that saves:

"Oft when the word is on me to deliver,
Lifts the illusion and truth lies bare,
Desert or throng, the city or the river
Melts in a lucid paradise of air.

"Only like souls I see the folk thereunder
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings;
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly content in a show of things.

"Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call.
Oh, to save these, to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all."

When all due allowance is made for the beautiful exaggeration of friendship in this tribute, these words do help us to know the power of a preacher whose passion for human

souls is a consuming fire, and whose ministry is attuned to the mighty music of redemption. The latest volume of sermon by Dr. Truett is by far the best, not only as a revelation of deeper experience and riper powers, but because it preserves the whole of each service and thus reproduces, as far as can be done in print, the atmosphere of his personality. The comments on the lessons, the prayers, the exhortations, the glowing appeals, all are reported in full, erasing only such errors as are inevitably due to rapid speaking and reporting. It is entitled *A Quest for Souls*—a title selected by another, but exactly descriptive of the life-passion of the preacher—and as an example of evangelistic preaching at its highest it has no volume to surpass it. As in his former volume, *We Would See Jesus,* his homiletic method is utterly simple and straightforward, with no clever devices, no suggestion of sensation, nothing to deflect attention from the message. It is as free from the artificial and the meretricious as the preacher himself is free from the blandishments of flattery, wealth, or fame. It is rich in illustration, drawn from life, from history, from biography, from his

own wide observation, and especially from his varied experience as a confidant of storm-vexed human souls; but the illustration never once gets in the way of the truth. Of the prayers one hesitates to speak—they are so tender, so direct, so aglow with insight and sympathy, so intimate without being familiar, so haunting in pathos yet so victorious in faith; as of one who knows how to climb right up onto the knees of God and talk with the simplicity of a little child. The total impression of the volume does not leave one thinking of the preacher at all—he is quite forgotten—but of the Master whose he is and whom he reveals; and it is hard to know how any human being resisted such a series of appeals.

Truly he is a winsome preacher of the winsomeness of Christ; one could not imagine the gospel message being stained on his lip by acerbity or odium. Always positive, always persuasive, Dr. Truett has none of the grim, harsh dogmatism of Torrey, none of the incredible vituperation which has disfigured so much popular revivalism. He is an evangelist of the Loving-Heart, not of threats and thunders, and even in his most earnest moods his

gentleness is palpable, his good will unfailing. His thought and language are of the simplest. He knows how to be picturesque and full of colour, and he need only be himself to be richly human, but he never speaks except for a verdict. Instead of coming religiously to every point he comes at once to the point of religion, as when he began a sermon with the question: "Does not that boy over there wish to be a Christian, and that older one, turning into manhood, and that young man himself there, and that young woman—do you not wish to be Christians?" It is his explicit and purposeful "preaching for conversions" that makes it worth while, and very much worth while, studying him. An adherent of the older conception of Christianity, he is by that much ahead of the times, and the glib young liberals, who imagine they are progressive, are far behind. For, unless we are winners of human souls, we are not messengers of him who came to seek and to save that which is lost.

A famous master of Trinity College said of Maurice, after hearing him preach a university sermon: "There is about that man a kind of divine feeling or possession." More and more

this divine feeling, this supernatural grace, seems to me to be the great distinction and charm of Dr. Truett as a preacher. Other men are greater scholars and profounder thinkers, and there may be others who have something of his artless simplicity of moving eloquence—Gipsy Smith has much of it—but in his character as a Christ-anointed evangelist I doubt if Dr. Truett is surpassed by any man in our generation. Edmund Burke said of Charles Fox: "That man was made to be loved"; but his remark is of far nobler application to George Truett. He was made to be loved. Indeed, it may be truly said that he does his best work through the exalted and wonderful love which he unconsciously and inevitably draws toward himself. People do not try, do not care to analyse or define his power; they simply love him as one altogether worthy of their homage and affection. Here is a burden of confidence and devotion to make a man tremble; and it must be added that no man ever used an opportunity with higher seriousness or nobler power. Back into the hearts of the people he pours through their love a tide of holy manhood, seeking to lift them by their love into the

redeeming fellowship of the great Lover. One thanks God for every remembrance of such a man, whose ministry is a benediction to the world and a theme of thanksgiving in the whole church of God.

XIV: Edward L. Powell

When a sermon is remembered for twenty-five years, and the very tones of the preacher still echo in the heart, it argues an unusual man in the pulpit; and thereby hangs a bit of reminiscence. In 1896, while a theologue in the Baptist Seminary at Louisville, I went with a number of my fellow students to the old Fourth and Walnut Street Church to hear the pastor, whom we greatly admired. It so happened that Dr. Eaton was not in the pulpit that day and, somewhat disappointed, we held conclave as to what we should do. Just opposite stood a plain, square, flat-roofed church without a spire, its wide porch and massive columns looking more like a Greek temple than a Christian shrine. Being in a mood for adventure, we strolled across the street, climbed the great stone steps, and entered the First Christian Church, to see what might transpire.

Of course we were severe critics, as young men are apt to be—especially theologues, who

fancy they are wise—and our attitude of mind was biased, no doubt, by sectarian prejudice. Anyway, as there was no time to go to another church of proper faith and order, we took the risk, little knowing what revelations awaited us. What that day may have meant to others of the group I do not know, but it was one of the great days of my life, because it meant the discovery of one of the noblest preachers of our generation; a man as brotherly in private as he was brilliant in the pulpit, whose influence has been not only stimulating but emancipating, at once an inspiration and a benediction. The old Greek temple has vanished, along with the Fourth and Walnut Street Church, both having been removed from the centre of the city, where they had stood for so many years, bearing witness, each with its own eloquence, to the reality of the Unseen in the midst of time.

The First Church was crowded to the doors, but a kindly usher found chairs and tucked us away in a far corner, just as the preacher entered the pulpit. Not one of us had ever seen the preacher before, having for the first time read his name as we entered the church—a fact which gives the measure of our abysmal igno-

rance. Across the years I can still see Dr. Powell as he stood that day, in the prime and glory of his power—his slight figure, his huge head, his thin, light hair, his keen, searching eyes—not a graceful man, his gestures angular at times, his face aglow with unearthly light, uttering his high message in words vivid, full of grace, and surcharged with living fire. It was a vision unforgettable. He conducted the service less as a leader of worship than as a leading worshipper—it was all so simple, so reverent, so impressive. He read the Bible as one who was himself a listener at the portals of a book where "the sweet voice sounds and the vision dwells. The prayer was direct, tender, and far ranging in its sympathies, as of one who remembered only the sublime object of his office, to lift men out of the mire of sin, materialism, and the bewilderments of life into the higher air of God. It besought the grace of God in that moral self-legislation which each man must enact and execute, if he is to verify faith in character.

The sermon began quietly, all eyes fixed upon the preacher, some eager, some tender, all interested. It had to do with the holiness of God,

taking as its text the vision of Isaiah in the temple, and surely no one ever forgot the terrifying vision of a universe ruled by an unholy God, where men sit by the poisoned springs of life, looking at polluted flowers, and lifting up hands to abominable hills. Man can endure an indifferent world. He does not lose heart when told that the flowers are heartless, and would as soon adorn a grave as a bridal altar. But a malignant universe is intolerable. Not only the value but the very existence of the soul is in jeopardy, and all our dear human world is cast into shadow, "pent up in the kingdom of pity and death." It made the very soul shudder, and there are times when a shudder is an argument. Then followed, by contrast, a picture of a lucid and wise order where righteousness reigns, where every mountain is an altar, and all the laws of life are God's ten thousand commandments: a picture appropriate to a Greek temple—the vision of a man who sees the holiness of beauty, no less than the beauty of holiness. He had not spoken two paragraphs before the spark caught, and the man, his theme, and his audience were alike transfigured. His slight figure seemed to tower aloft to the pro-

portions of a giant; his voice vibrated with moral electricity; his burning words became a torrent, yet all was held in bound by a firm, directing hand. It was a revelation of "truth through personality," as Phillips Brooks defined preaching; what George MacDonald called "the rare speech of a man to his fellows whereby they know that in his innermost heart he is a believer."

No skill of oratory could have produced that sermon; it came from no such art. It came from something beyond creeds, something far beyond differences of theology and methods of worship. It was that old, haunting, pathetic, subduing, thrilling voice heard in all ages of the church, amidst the splendours of mediæval superstition, as in the fiery appeal of modern revivalism. Older than Christianity itself, it is more vivid than music and more eloquent than architecture, and its spell is as mysterious as the wind in the trees. Such words have stirred the souls of men in every age, winning restless, wayward spirits by their divine passion, and turning bloodshed and rapine into righteous crusades. Whether spoken on bare hillsides beneath a crucifix, or in a plain white country

meeting house, such words can never lose their power while human nature is the same. This quality of spirituality, so rare in men of great powers, inspires a kind of awe. Men bow to it, as a field of grain bows at the breath of the wind, feel themselves in the presence of the Unseen, and are touched, if only for a moment, by a sense of wonder and regret.

There is no need to say that I became a regular attendant at the old First Church, much to the scandal of my seminary, where I was reckoned a black sheep in the flock. It seemed to me that the sermon of that day was the achievement of a lifetime; but so far from being exceptional, I learned that it was typical of a preacher who always invested the facts of Christian faith with commanding certainty and practical urgency. As often as I heard Dr. Powell, he always seemed able instantly to realise that release of personality—what the old time Methodists called "liberty"—without which preaching is the hardest work ever undertaken by mortal man; harder than making brick without straw. Tales are told of his failures—as in Richmond one night when his sermon went from him entirely—but never

once have I heard him when he did not transmute his thoughts into fire and light to kindle and illumine, and it was always light without smoke. Less scholarly than Broadus, less rhetorical than Gunsaulus—two of his peers now fallen asleep—he is more virile than Jowett, having none of that flowery emptiness which is the besetting sin of the "poet-preacher." Indeed, he knows nothing of the dainty, prettified, pietistic gospel so dear to the dilettante, and no doubt that is why he appeals so strongly to strong men, uniting a vivid faith with a vital, winsome, and enthusiastic manhood. Besides, judged by any test, Dr. Powell is one of the great orators of his day, though not the equal of his uncle, Dr. Robert C. Cave —the most perfect orator I have ever heard speak, alike in matter and in manner.

One has only to turn to a volume of his sermons—all too rare, alas—such as *The Victory of Faith,* to know the quality of Dr. Powell and his ministry. They are the words of a man familiar with the most perfect fruits of culture and sensitive in high degree to the charms of literary form. Not merely in palpable allusion, but in the choice phrase, the

brilliant epigram, the modulations of his sentences, and a most chaste verbal reserve, is to be discerned the master of speech. As sacred compositions they captivate as much by their beauty as by their forthrightness of insight and appeal. They are logical without any display of argument, and poetical without any sacrifice of directness and sincerity. Reason is appealed to all along, but the language of the appeal comes up all blossoming and fragrant with the heart. No one can fail to recognise their catholicity of spirit, their gracious aim, and their helpfulness to mind that recoil from the formal and arbitrary in religion. Only the commanding vitalities of Christianity and its heroic enterprise engage his heart and inspire his ministry. He cares nothing for hair splitting dogmas, but for those heavenly truths which overarch all creeds, and that life of the spirit, "mystical in its roots and practical in its fruits," which underlies all sects. As we may read, turning the pages swiftly:

What is the preacher's world? Answer may be made that he is the messenger of religion; as Ralph Connor would say, he is the "sky pilot." But when we begin to think of

what religion means—that it has to do with all life and therefore with all things, that it claims all provinces of thought and activity for its territory—we begin to see that the preacher as a messenger of religion must be a many-sided individual, and must touch life in one way or another at almost every point. The religion of Jesus has to do with all men and all things, and with all of a man—body, soul, and spirit. And he who would proclaim that religion must be a man of the world in the best sense. The more he knows of life, the more effectively he can meet the requirements of human need.

. . . . .

Should a preacher enter politics? Not as a profession, but in the proclamation of righteousness he must necessarily have to do with the politician and with the affairs of state, even as in preaching honesty, purity, love, he is declaring principles that touch every business and avocation in life. The preacher cannot be sidetracked during the week or given to understand that his business belongs to Sunday and the church. Every day is his day of opportunity; every realm is his field of service and duty; all places, if they be entered in the spirit of his Master, furnish him with a pulpit. To the extent that preaching becomes a mere profession —having to do with certain things that can be labelled and classified, the preacher is provincial. In the words of Wesley, the preacher has the world for his parish. I do not know any

man who requires a deeper, richer or fuller life for his work than does the preacher.

. . . . .

The imperialism of Jesus takes the whole life of man for its kingdom. His rule within the heart of man must manifest itself in every part of man's environment. He cannot govern the inner life apart from the outer. The whole frame-work of society is, therefore, involved in the imperial programme of Jesus. Poverty, vice and crime are inconsistent with the present social condition of our great cities. The Bible, through and through, insists upon the redemption of the bodies of men, as well as their souls, and of the whole frame-work of human society. And so the regency of Christ contemplates the bringing of our homes, our politics, our trade—all the means, agencies and things with which we are connected—under the sway of Jesus.

. . . . .

Consider the sweeter, nobler, conceptions of religion which are ours today. As life takes colour from Christianity it is ennobled. Today life is happier, stronger, because of the things we have left behind. The church is journeying away from the falsities of mediævalism, but carries forward the sweetness and light of Jesus. Gone forever the hideous dogmas that tortured our fathers. Gone the dogmas which confused Satan with God. The church is exchanging the worship of the past for the heritage of the present, the old philosophies for

the new living Christ. We know more, and therefore we love more. The certificate of Christianity is something more than proved propositions. It is a helpful life. There has come a new conscience which makes it impossible for men to be content to have, while their brothers have not. The physical misery of the world's disinherited is becoming the spiritual misery of the world's elect.

Happy is the city which has sent to it an authentic messenger of great truths; one of those elect spirits to whom religious cares and interests are what secular cares and interests are to other men. For thirty years Dr. Powell has laboured in Louisville, at the gateway of the South—himself a Virginian gentleman of the old school—taking not only a city but a commonwealth for his parish, with a public influence only equalled by his indefatigable industry as a pastor. Resisting all temptations to leave Louisville, he added year to year, decade to decade, with a continuity and cumulative momentum of influence, giving him a command of the higher life of a city such as few men have ever attained. Through all the years he has played well his part in practical affairs, but his life is not there. The growth of the king-

dom of grace is his prosperity, the application of Christian ideas to life is his supreme concern. Less a reformer than a former of the ideals and conscience of a great community, all through his ministry he has fearlessly dealt with public issues, and always from a Christian point of view. Never a pulpit scold, never falling into a pessimistic or denunciatory tone—like the Queen in *Alice in Wonderland,* who said there was jam yesterday, and there will be jam tomorrow, but there is no jam today—by the weight of his character, by the wisdom of his practical suggestion, no less than by the power of his passionate eloquence, he has wrought mightily as a preacher and leader of righteousness.

There was a time, years ago, when Kentucky was torn by a bitter political feud, becoming almost an armed camp, and the governor-elect was shot dead in the capital city. With triumphant tact, with unfaltering courage, Dr. Powell made it an opportunity for some of the greatest preaching of his life, rebuking iniquity, and pleading for the fundamental moralities of private and public life. Later, when the chief executive of the state was a fugitive in

an adjoining state, it was the pulpit of the old First Church that spoke in behalf of forgiveness, making plea equally for Christian common sense and public decency. It was a difficult —nay, a disgraceful—time, but Dr. Powell dealt with it in a manner forever memorable, revealing the political function of religion and the strategy of Christian leadership. Fortunately some of the sermons, addresses, and articles of that period were gathered into a little book, entitled *Savonarola, and Other Addresses on Civic Righteousness,* in which we may read to this day the heartache of a patriot and the testimony of a prophet. His ringing call to "Sleeping Citizenship," his fine appeal to "Public Men and Morals," his thrilling commentary on the Battle Hymn of the Republic—itself a prose-poem of no mean order—and his noble interpretation of "The Divine Presence in Political History," the last two evoked by the Spanish-American war—show us how a Christian can be a patriot, and a patriot a Christian. In the same way, during the Great War, when his body was frail and his heart wrung with agony, his pulpit was an altar alike of Christian faith and patriotic fire.

For some of us Louisville is a city of many memories, not only of days that come not back, but of great scholars and dear teachers whose influence abides, and of fellowships which time cannot destroy. It is the city of Henry Watterson, last and greatest of the editors of the old days of chivalrous and brilliant journalism; the golden voice of the south and a national character. It is the city of Mary Anderson, and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch;* of Madison Cawein, a lyric poet whose song was heard and loved in England, even before it won its way at home. It has ever been a city of great preachers, like Broadus, Boyce, Hemphill, Hamilton, Pickard, Dudley, Eaton, and Rabbi Adolph Moses, a stately, grave, and noble teacher. Many have fallen asleep but Powell remains, the peer and comrade of a goodly company, the best beloved and—now that Watterson has vanished—the most famous citizen of his city.

XV: Frank W. Gunsaulus

In Memoriam

As I sit down to write in appreciation of the genius of Dr. Gunsaulus as a preacher, the news tells me that he has gone to his crowning. It is heavy tidings, and like thousands of young men all over the land, to whom he was as much father as friend, I am lonely and forlorn. It seems impossible to realise that his abounding personality, his incandescent vitality, his pure and winsome manhood are now only a memory, and that we are never to hear that golden voice again on earth. The words from the old Hebrew centuries flash into my mind: "My father! My father! The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" Alas, my appraisal becomes a memorial, and I can make no reader of mine understand with me, remembering almost twenty years of unbroken friendship, how a gracious presence—majestic, magnetic, commanding, enchanting—stands yet vividly before me, refusing to say farewell.

No doubt there will be a biography of Dr. Gunsaulus, but one cannot be sure of it. Chicago is neglectful of its great personalities. Gentle, wise, meditative David Swing had to wait for more than twenty years—until it was almost too late—and even now there is no life-story of Dr. Harper who, alike in character and achievement, must be reckoned among the great Americans. A biography of Gunsaulus, if written, will show us a man of many manifestations, and it will tell a story more thrilling than any romance. Poet, artist, scholar, educator, author, orator, statesman, and, above all, a God-endowed preacher whose mysticism was at once the inspiration and illumination of his multifarious activity—it is a story of which America ought to be proud. He was the first citizen of his city, if not the most distinguished—the incarnation of its genius and the prophecy of its future. Uniting the fine, firm qualities of the Puritan with the glow, colour and tropical richness of Spain, he also joined the skyey vision of the poet with the practical acumen of a man of affairs. Words are the daughters of earth, deeds are the sons of God, and both were wedded in his life. Fortunately

I am to write of him only as a preacher, but even in that capacity one may well despair of describing a man whose personal and intellectual charm none could define and few resist.

Already the early eloquence of Gunsaulus is a legend of magic and mystery. Only recently a man related how he sat with a friend on the floor in the aisle of Plymouth Church, during the Columbian Exposition, and heard the pastor preach. It was the enchantment of pure genius, an oratory more vivid than music in which every gesture seemed an event. He read his text from Exodus 4:4, "And the Lord said unto Moses, Put forth thine hand, and take it by the tail. And he put forth his hand, and it became a rod in his hand." Both men wondered what could be made out of such a text, but they did not have long to wait. The appetites and passions of a man, like snakes, coil and wriggle at his feet until, at the command of God, he grasps them firmly. Then they become sceptres of sovereignty, wands of moral authority—forging passion into power. But no art can bring back the magic whereby the orator swept all before him, holding men as if their own soul spoke to them in his words, as he

described the fight every man must wage with himself if he is to be a man. Standing back from the pulpit, brushing his long raven hair from his forehead, his eyes kindling with a dusty yet piercing light, "orb within orb," he swayed his audience as the wind sways the clouds. There was nothing artificial, no studied unnatural effect, but the fire and rapture of great eloquence dedicated to the service of the moral life. To this day, though twenty-seven years have come and gone, my friend can repeat not only the idea and outline of that sermon, but whole passages of its music.

As early as 1881—to go back for a time in my story—the young preacher saw, prophetically, that theology must be translated into sociology. When he came to Chicago, six years later, the Armour Mission lay ready to his hand, and he laid hold of it, lavishing upon it his love and labour. Some months later he preached a sermon in which he not only unburdened the passion of his heart for the young, but, as was equally characteristic, outlined a practical plan and remedy. At the conclusion of the sermon, Philip D. Armour came forward with a direct, searching question:

"Do you really believe in those ideas you have just expressed?" said the captain of industry.

"I certainly do," answered the preacher.

"Well, then, if you will give me five years of your time, I will furnish the money," was the reply; and that sermon became known as the two million dollar sermon.

Out of that sermon grew Armour Institute, the history and growth of which should make more than one chapter in the biography of the preacher. With that story I have not to do now, except to say that, while one does not see how Dr. Gunsaulus could have escaped the opportunity and burden of so prodigious an undertaking—and, manifestly, he did not desire to escape—it none the less divided the interests of his life, and diverted the full tide of his genius from the pulpit. Indeed, he was more than once ready—and actually tried—to resign the pulpit altogether and devote himself entirely to education, as he finally did two years ago. Yet there are fifty men who can conduct and develop a technical institute, for every one whom God has endowed with the rare and precious genius of a great preacher. A giant

in strength, of fabulous mental and spiritual resource, he did the work of many men, adding labour to labour—the institute and the church being only two items in an incredible number of activities—though I have often wondered if it had not been better had he obeyed the example of St. Paul, "this one thing I do," in single-hearted devotion.

At any rate, Dr. Gunsaulus made his decision, did his work—and paid the price! The call of a great growing city, and the pathos of its spiritual need, lured him on. As if his church and the institute were not enough, he began a great downtown Sunday evening service in Central Music Hall, which was packed to the doors. At length the inevitable happened. The man of iron broke. Physical collapse—complete and shattering—befell him in 1897, and for six months he lay motionless on a bed of agony. No sermons came from the preacher then, no books; only a poem. That poem revealed his intrepid and unconquerable spirit:

I care not that the furnace fire of pain
Laps round and round my life and burns alway;

I only care to know that not in vain
The fierce heats touch me throughout night and day.

When he returned to Plymouth pulpit, a quivering sigh, not unmixed with horror, ran through the congregation. A terrible thing had happened. Valiantly he had wrestled with the Angel of Pain in the twilight, and it had left him lame and misshapen of frame. He had been tall, agile, handsome as a Greek god, and now he was doomed to go limping to the end. One leg behaved like a dead thing. Later, when Lorenz of Vienna tried with his deft fingers to untie the knot, he said with grim Teutonic humour, "Cheer up! There is no hope for you." He did cheer up. For, in the fiery furnace of pain Another had walked with him betimes. New windows of insight had been opened, new depths of experience fathomed, and new and haunting stops of music had been mastered!

It was on Sunday, November 30, 1902, that I first heard Gunsaulus preach, and the wonder of that day is still vivid in my heart. Such a voice cannot be made in one generation! Today its tones come back to me from behind

the hills, now soft as a flute, now melodious as an orchestra, with never a note to jar. It was as variable as the moods of the man, as just as his character, as sweet as his spirit. It was the Sunday after the death of Joseph Parker, and the sermon was a vision of the Christian ministry as illustrated in the life of the first minister of the City Temple. They had been friends—the preacher and his subject—and some allowance had to be made for the beautiful bias of friendship in his estimate of Parker. It was an extraordinary portrayal, as touch after touch was added to the picture, until at last Joseph Parker seemed to live again in the pulpit of Central Church. As I had never seen Parker, it was like a revelation to me, albeit I could not follow him when at times he seemed to place him above Beecher. From the notes of that day I transcribe a passage, if only because the sermon was a revelation equally of the subject and of the preacher, and because it will help to make clear what, to me, at least, was the greatest quality of Dr. Gunsaulus as a preacher. Thus:

It is an awful risk God takes in creating a David or a Robert Burns. But they justify it,

for they give a double significance to nature and life. Such men recreate the external world and its events into an internal order made richer by the language they learn. David, Burns, Augustine, with varying colours portray to us the cost and the peril of letting loose a great soul on the earth. Joseph Parker, by the grace of God, made gigantic mistakes; but also, by the grace of God, he avoided many pitfalls which such a genius digs for a man. I regard him as a wonderfully endowed and restrained man. He could never have been a little sinner; he was not a little saint. The stone-mason's boy has not opened unto us the Scriptures, and Gladstone and the kitchen-maid, Sir Henry Irving and the bootblack, have not listened to be pleased for so many years, without demonstrating that the mark of such a nature is capacity for pain.

A great man and a great theme—Joseph Parker with the Scriptures of God and man—how marvellously they re-enforce and illustrate each other! He had so meditated upon the Scriptures and lived with kings, prophets, psalmists and captain of the Bible that he became a part of them and they of him. When he preached upon David, it was no small man attempting to measure the girth of the poet-king. Parker was David at the time. One instant it was the boy looking into the heights of manhood as he talked with Samuel; the next, it was the man looking down from physical

safety and moral insecurity from his palace into the defenseless home of Uriah. When he preached on Isaiah, one saw how unobstructedly the prophet-statesman of Israel moved in the City Temple pulpit. Exegesis like this is a matter of complete personality; it is not a matter of learning Greek or skill in analysis. The legend of his eloquence will be told by many generations!

Here is an example of the style of Dr. Gunsaulus—at times so curiously involved and lacking in lucidity, and often so luxuriant as to bewilder—but the significant thing is that he seized upon that in Joseph Parker most akin to himself, his power of dramatic characterisation. In this art Gunsaulus himself was at his best, and in the use he made of it we have had no one like him in America; no one near him. Such an art—depending so much upon gesture, facial expression, and the dramatic personality of the preacher—loses three-fourths of its spell and wonder on the printed page. No printed sermon by Dr. Gunsaulus shows us more than half the man. Alas, much the same is true of every great preacher—his art dies with him, becoming a vacancy that is vacated with the passing of the generation to whom he minis-

tered—but it is doubly so with a preacher like Gunsaulus. If only by some art we could recapture and perpetuate the magic spell of his genius, that as little as possible may be lost of the precious treasure of mankind!

Howbeit, all that one can do in such a sketch as this is to indicate, in some measure, not what Dr. Gunsaulus had in common with other preachers, but the gift which was uniquely and supremely own. And that, as I have said, was his genius for dramatic characterisation. Two of his sermons may serve as examples, two of the greatest sermons I have ever heard, and I doubt if anyone else could have preached either one of them. One dealt with the Temptation of Jesus, and the vision of the Master, worn, weary, weak from hunger and long vigil, standing—a lone and quivering soul—face to face with the subtle cunning of ultimate Evil, feeling its fearful fascination, can never be forgotten! The other sermon—it has never been printed, I believe—might have been entitled, "Jesus at the Feet of his Disciples," and had to do with the evening in the Upper Room when the Master washed the feet of his Apostles. "And He took a towel," was the text. "He

might have taken a star!" said the preacher, the better to show the august humility of the Servant in the House. Then he became an artist, reproducing not only the scene, but the atmosphere of the farewell meal. All at once he began to re-enact the scene, from the point of view of each disciple, as the Master approached him with basin and towel. Only a man of painter-like sympathy and dramatic insight could have done it. A single false note would have ruined the scene, but there was no false note. Each disciple stood out distinctly—his character, his personality, his very soul—as if, by some magic, the man had been there in the pulpit. The preacher forgot himself—the congregation forgot the preacher—all were present again in the Upper Room long ago. One could have taken a photograph of Simon Peter, it was so real, so vivid. It was a solemn, almost terrifying moment when he came to Judas; strong men sobbed like children, torn equally between the horror of evil obsession and the awful mercy of the Master. Never again on this earth do I expect to hear such a sermon, now that the great artist-preacher has vanished!

Memories crowd upon me, among them a radiant Easter service in the Auditorium Theater, every seat of which was filled with an eager, expectant humanity. I entered the top gallery just as the vast congregation bowed, like a field of grain touched by a soft wind, and the prayer began with these words: "O God, in the far distances of Thy fatherhood we were conceived in love; from Thy fatherhood we have come we do not know how far." What a sentence! I had journeyed two hundred miles to the service, and that sentence was worth the journey. After a hymn, the words of which he himself had written, the preacher began his sermon, taking for his text the words: "If a man die shall he live again?"—words that come wailing across perplexed and anxious ages, pathetic, heroic, awful! For an hour the preacher spoke out of a deep heart and a clear mind, using every kind argument, imagery and appeal,—hints, flashing phrases, glowing apostrophes, intricate facts of science, and radiant insights that just stopped short of rhapsody. Men listened believing, or wanting to believe, and the scene comes back to me today, now that the preacher has passed into the

life of which he spoke with passionate and persuasive eloquence. These words from the closing prayer echo in my heart: "O Lord, may we realise that Thou hast done Thy divinest for man in compelling him to cut the path and fathom the mystery of pain." [1]

There is no need to say that Dr. Gunsaulus was the orator, not the theologian, nor yet the man of letters—a man who ruled by his grace and charm of spirit, rather than by his originality and potency of thought—though his scholarship was thorough, and his books are rewarding, especially his historical novel, *The Monk and the Knight*. He was indeed almost the last of the old Gladstonian school of the elaborate and rounded period, using the full-

[1] Happily we now have a volume of *The Pulpit Prayers of Dr. Gunsaulus*, edited by his daughter, Helen, and dedicated to the great preacher "who, a year ago this Easter-time, entered completely into the life eternal which he illumined for his fellowmen during all the years of his ministry." The prayers, taken down verbatim during the services of Central Church, cover the period between 1913 and 1918, and are grouped as invocations, petitions, prayers in war-time, and on special occasions. The little book brings back the echo of a voice now hushed on earth, but which still lives in the hearts of a vast company to whom it spoke, as from the sky, words of comfort and command. Some of us can almost see the characteristic gesture—the towering figure, the noble head, the arms outstretched to embrace—as if the preacher sought to gather his congregation to his heart, and on the wings of his prayer lift them into the higher air of God, and detain them there for cleansing and consecration.

throated Latin family of words. In early days his style—warm, exuberant, chromatic—often had all the lurid tropic colouring of Hugo, resplendent and sometimes grandiose; but in later years it had softened and chastened its hues. More often, toward the end, he struck a calmer key in which, with hardly a movement of the body, with the slightest employ of any dramatic suggestion, he held his hearers by the depth of his insight, the richness of his experience of things immortal, and the nameless grace of his spirit. Some of us thought his lecture on "The Heroism of Scholarship" far more admirable than his "Gladstone" or his "Savonarola." He was not always triumphant, and if his successes were noble and moving, his failures were equally gorgeous—like that awful day in the City Temple when he took for his theme the death of Florence Nightingale, and the sermon simply did not come off. Even at his worst he was never commonplace, never cheap, and the contagious quality of his personality—by its generosity, its amplitude, its winsomeness—redeemed many an ill-starred effort.

Alas, how inadequate is my analysis and esti-

mate of a man so radiant and radiating, so brotherly withal and lovable; the Friar Gonsol of Eugene Field's rare and quizzical book, *The Temptation of Friar Gonsol.* To know him was to become, if not actually generous, like him, at least indisposed—partly indeed unable—to judge him calmly, much less critically. He was enchanting in the warmth of his fellowship, his boyish joy in life, the vividness of his enthusiasm, and the unfeigned simplicity of his modesty. Never will his young brethren forget his gay heart, his glittering mind, his generosity of appreciation, his self-giving so open-hearted and open-handed, his verve, dash and gentleness—what times we talked the hours away. He had a talent for living and a genius for friendship. But the deepest thing in him—the still centre of his busy, fruitful life—was his poet-soul, and its experience of God in Christ. Before me lie letters telling, man to man, his faith in Jesus in words as simple as the prayer of a child—letters so lovely that they make the heart ache. Anyone who knew him, and the rising and falling moods out of which his poems were born, can trace his real biography in his songs. They disclose a tender,

wistful, beauty-loving spirit, sensitive to all Divine persuasions, uniting a large and living culture with a heroic faith; a faith not held without struggle in a world pent up in "the kingdoms of pity and death," where life is woven of beauty, mystery, and sorrow. His own words return to tell us whither he has gone:

From moonlight, night and wonder,
He stepped to sunlight yonder—
The poet's paradise.

His lyre with string unbroken,
Will ring like music spoken,
And tremble toward God's day.

THE END

L. R.

McChords.

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